

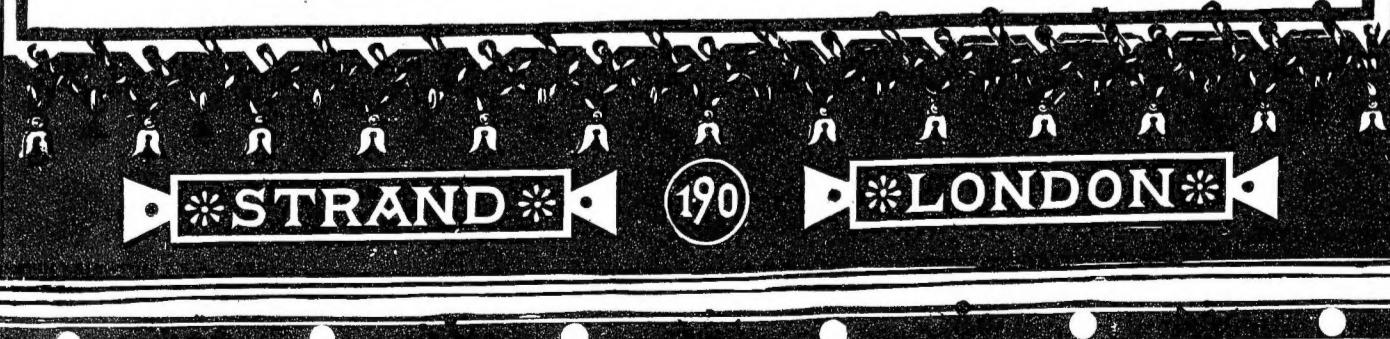
EDITION DE LUXE

No. 1,055

FEBRUARY 15, 1890



THE
GRAPHIC.
AN
ILLUSTRATED
WEEKLY
NEWSPAPER.



PRICE NINEPENCE

THE GRAPHIC

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

No. 1,055.—VOL. XLI. ÉDITION DE LUXE
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SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 15, 1890

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Marquis of Bearvois

Duke of Uzes

Duke of Orleans

M. Clement, the Judicial Commissary

Duke of Luynes

THE ARREST OF THE DUKE OF ORLEANS AT THE HOUSE OF THE DUKE OF LUYNES, IN PARIS, AFTER PRESENTING HIMSELF AT THE RECRUITING OFFICE FOR MILITARY SERVICE



THE GOVERNMENT'S PROMISES.—It is too early to form any very definite opinion as to the probable nature of the new Session on which Parliament has entered. In the House of Commons, more than elsewhere, it is always the unexpected that happens, and many serious troubles may spring from causes which have not yet emerged above the surface. Much will, no doubt, depend on the impression that may be produced by the Report of the Parnell Commission. So far as the undertakings shadowed forth in the Queen's Speech are concerned, there does not seem to be much reason why the Session should be a particularly exciting one. It is possible that there might have been some difficulty if the subject of Free Education had been introduced, for on that question there are considerable differences of opinion in the Unionist party. Lord Salisbury has evidently learned that the controversy is rather dangerous, and so the solution of the problem is postponed to a more convenient season. It is hard to tell whether the Government are in earnest about their promise to deal with the question of Irish self-government. If they are, they may look forward to some stormy "scenes"; but perhaps it might be quite worth their while to run any risks that might be incurred, for the conditions of success have not been for years so good as they are now. The proposals for increasing the number of occupying owners will be closely scanned by the Opposition, and it is right that they should be exposed to searching criticism, since the British taxpayer is naturally not very enthusiastic about assuming responsibilities for Irish farmers which he would not willingly assume for the farmers of his own part of the United Kingdom. Of course a new Tithes Bill is to be introduced, and we must hope that this time Ministers will take the trouble to master the subject before submitting their proposals. The matter ought certainly to be disposed of, but the questions involved in it are so complicated that they will need very delicate handling. The danger is that in some indirect way landowners may obtain as a sort of gift a portion of what is in the strictest sense national property. Of what may be called the social part of the Government's programme it is impossible to say much until the promised Bills are ready, but there will probably be a general desire to approach the consideration of subjects of this kind in a reasonable and impartial spirit.

THE FACSIMILE LETTER.—The debate raised upon this question on the first night of the Session was of rather a hollow character. The Government speakers admitted that a technical breach of privilege had been committed by the publication of the letter, but this would have been the case whether the document was genuine or the reverse. If, moreover, the doctrine of privilege were pushed to its extreme limits, every newspaper which, with a view of exercising political influence, comments on the deeds or words of a Member of Parliament outside the House would be liable to prosecution. The Government, however, did not oppose Sir W. Harcourt's motion on this pretext, but on the ground that Mr. Parnell was too late, that he had had plenty of opportunities during the last thirty months for bringing forward his grievance; but that, as he did not avail himself of them, he had lost his chance by effluxion of time. On the whole, the Opposition were the winners by the discussion, for, although of course they were defeated in the division, they (or, rather, Mr. Parnell personally) extracted an official declaration from Mr. Smith that the famous facsimile letter was a forgery. Altogether, we are constrained to say that no one comes out of this series of transactions with very flying colours. The conductors of the *Times* were of course the chief culprits. In their zeal to heap up evidence against the Irish Nationalists, they negotiated for the purchase of compromising documents, a demand which was certain to be met by persons of unscrupulous character. Nor can it be denied that, owing to the bitterness of partisan strife, the accusation thus formulated against Mr. Parnell was eagerly accepted by his political opponents. On the other hand, Mr. Parnell himself is to blame for the obloquy under which he laboured so long. We cannot accept as conclusive the reason he gave on Tuesday for not at once prosecuting the *Times*. Mr. Pigott and his doings would assuredly have been as easily brought to light in an ordinary court of law as they subsequently were before the Special Commission. Even more, perhaps, might have been discovered than is known now, for without doubt there are unsolved mysteries about the whole Pigott business, which, like the authorship of Junius, or the personality of the Man in the Iron Mask, may become a favourite puzzle with some future generation.

MINING ACCIDENTS AND MINING AMBULANCES.—The terrible loss of life consequent upon the explosion at the Llanerch colliery seems to have been due to a sudden infiltration of gas from a neighbouring pit. It was considered so safe that naked lights were used in some parts, while, shortly before the explosion, the watchmen went round without detecting any trace of gas. Once more, then, we have proof that, no matter what precautions are observed, the miner's calling is always fraught with danger

THE GRAPHIC

to life and limb. The State gives partial recognition to that fact by compelling colliery owners to provide every pit with an ambulance requisites. Unfortunately, however, there is no compulsion on the proprietors to instruct their men in the use of these humane appliances, and, although the St. John's Ambulance Society is doing all in its power to remedy this defect by starting classes, not one miner out of a score has the slightest acquaintance with the most elementary principles of "first aid to the wounded." It may be contended, perhaps, that even if the State made it compulsory on pit owners to provide the means of instruction, few miners would care to attend. Perhaps it would be so, in some cases, but experience goes to prove that, wherever classes have been formed, a considerable proportion of the colliers have come for instruction. There is another way of getting over the difficulty. It might be made the rule that no person, young or old, who could not produce a certificate of proficiency in ambulance work, should be employed below ground. Nor is there any reason why this branch of knowledge should not be taught as a part of the regular curriculum at all elementary schools in mining localities. It is not on such dreadful occasions as the Llanerch explosion that "first aid to the wounded" is so much required as in the relief of the individual suffering resulting from the numberless pit accidents about which the public hear nothing.

A SOCIALIST EMPEROR.—A great many people seem to be of opinion that the German Emperor's sudden manifestation of zeal on behalf of the working man is merely an electioneering dodge. We do not believe that this is an accurate account of the matter. It is extremely doubtful whether his proposals will tend to diminish the Socialist vote at the General Election. It may, indeed, have an opposite effect, for now the leaders of the Social-Democrats will be able to point out to the working classes that even the Head of the State thinks they have serious grievances. The Kaiser, it must be remembered, has lately had occasion to reflect a good deal on problems of Capital *versus* Labour. The Westphalian miners, in the time of their greatest trouble, appealed to him directly; and it was necessary for him to give serious attention to their demands. Moreover, he has been for many years one of Prince Bismarck's most ardent admirers; and all the world knows that the Chancellor, while doing everything in his power to crush revolutionary agitation, has had the warmest sympathy with the movement for the amelioration of the circumstances of the people. We must also take into account the fact that the younger generation of thoughtful men in Germany are in one sense deeply Socialistic. That is, they have a strong dislike for the old Liberal doctrine of *Laissez-faire*, and contend that in regard to economic questions it is the business of the State to hold the balance between rich and poor, so that the weak may not be wholly overpowered by the strong. Whether we like this view or not, it is undoubtedly one that is rapidly making way, not only in Germany, but all over the civilised world. The young Emperor is a reader and thinker, and it is certain that with regard to this question he has been touched by the spirit of the age, and that he has not even fully expressed the strength of his conviction and feeling. That his achievements will be equal to his aspirations is in the highest degree unlikely, but it is good that he should have a genuine enthusiasm; and it is to be hoped that no unnecessary obstacles will be thrown in his way by the English or any other Government. We may at least say that no harm can come of the free discussion of his ideas.

ENGLAND AND PORTUGAL.—In Tuesday's debate on the Address Lord Salisbury seems to have answered satisfactorily—with one exception, to which we will advert presently—all the objections which Lord Granville, as Leader of the Opposition, felt bound to make to our recent diplomatic correspondence with the Portuguese Government. So far from the boundary disputes being sprung suddenly upon the Portuguese, remonstrances against their threatened encroachments have been officially made for two years past. Again, when Major Serpa Pinto's aggression took place, it was necessary to adopt active measures promptly, for if we had allowed time for delay, we should have had to deal, not with a responsible Government who yielded to our requirements, but with an excitable and irresponsible populace. Indeed, this constitutes the chief danger in Portugal at the present moment. There is a considerable Republican party, whose intent it is to fan the flame of agitation against England to serve their own interests, and, if, which is not utterly improbable, Portugal were to follow the example of her colonial offspring, Brazil, cashier King Charles, and proclaim a Republic, we might find ourselves, sorely against our will, driven into war against an ancient ally. No Englishman, however farsighted, probably foresaw the storm which this Lake Nyassa dispute has aroused in Portugal. It may perhaps be traced to three causes—to the excitable character of a Southern people; to the self-reproach felt by the Portuguese for their prolonged neglect of splendid colonial opportunities; and lastly, as above-mentioned, to Republican intrigues. The only point in this connection to which Lord Salisbury gave no answer was Lord Granville's allegation that an important clause of the Congo Treaty, which

would have settled the Portuguese claims, had to be withdrawn owing to Conservative Opposition. When the subject comes up again, perhaps we shall be further enlightened on this point.

CONCILIATION BOARDS.—All will wish well to the London Board of Conciliation which has just been launched by the Chamber of Commerce. It represents an earnest endeavour to substitute more humane methods of adjusting Trade quarrels than the barbarous strikes and lock-outs which are now employed. Nor can there be any question that, if the experiment were found to answer in the case of London, the provinces would soon adopt similar instrumentality. The weak point in the scheme is that it depends entirely upon moral force. In ordinary cases that might possibly suffice, but when Capital and Labour were in collision on such a vital matter as the employment of men not members of Trade Unions, the Board might be so closely divided as to reduce its influence to zero. There are always plenty of hotheads on both sides whenever matters come to such a pass as that. Those, for instance, who last week issued the manifesto ordering the carmen to strike if any non-Union men were employed, must have erred greatly in their calculations, or their attempt would not have collapsed so quickly. We doubt whether, in such an instance as this, the sweet persuasiveness of the proposed Board would produce any effect. Perhaps, however, if it had been in existence, its moral influence might have prevented the issue of the manifesto. It is here that conciliation can most advantageously work, and much may be hoped from the co-operation of the separate Trade Committees in pouring oil on the waves of passion before they reach the breaking point. All depends, however, upon whether these subordinate bodies are guided temperately and wisely, or the reverse. Were they to fall under the control of either party, they would act solely in its interests, and consequently come to be regarded as a part of its fighting organization. On the other hand, if both the Trade Committees and the Central Board can manage to divest themselves of party spirit, their decisions would receive the support of public opinion, and against that force neither Labour nor Capital can fight successfully.

THE DUC D'ORLÉANS.—This young representative of Royalty may be congratulated on having done a remarkably clever thing. A week ago very few people had made him the subject of a single thought, or even knew of his existence; and, if he had remained decorous and "sensible," it is doubtful whether, during his father's lifetime, he would have been much heard of. By the simple device of entering France in disguise, and claiming the right to serve as a common soldier, he has made himself one of the most prominent personages in Europe. If the French Government regret the incident, they have themselves to blame for the attention it has attracted. Had they simply ordered the young man to be walked off to the frontier, his escapade would have excited a smile, and the affair would soon have been forgotten. By sending him to prison, they made a martyr of him, and to get oneself made a martyr is in France the first step to political success. It may be said that the martyrdom of the Duc d'Orléans is of the theatrical kind; but the French do not object to a touch of the theatrical in their popular heroes. On the contrary, they decidedly like it. If the Republicans act prudently, it is probable that the adventure will lead to no very serious consequences. The peasantry are tired of Revolutions, and will be glad to accept Republican institutions if it can be shown that they are capable of working efficiently. But, should Republicanism fail to satisfy the mass of the people, the appearance of the Duc d'Orléans on the scene may prove to have been an event of first-rate importance. He has evidently some of the qualities that are apt to captivate the French imagination, and already the Royalists are beginning to show that his proceedings have exercised upon them an encouraging and stimulating influence. His character is a new force which the dominant party will henceforth have to take into account.

PARTICK.—It is rarely advisable to attach great importance to by-elections; nevertheless the Unionists may fairly be congratulated on Mr. Parker Smith's victory. The significance of his success, too, is enhanced by the fact that Mr. Craig Sellar, his predecessor in the seat, was a man of very superior Parliamentary calibre; and it was not unreasonably supposed that the electors had remained loyal to him on personal grounds, although he had declined to follow Mr. Gladstone into the Utopian realm of Home Rule. But the contest was chiefly interesting because it occurred in Scotland, and in a fairly typical suburban constituency, where, if "villadom" was largely represented, there was also a considerable number of pawky shopkeepers, and a multitude of factory workers and shipyard artisans. For the present, Ireland, except in the north-east corner, is lost to Unionism; Mr. Balfour may have made the island comparatively quiet, but he has not made it loyal. Hence its almost unknown Separatist vote. Wales, again, is mainly Separatist, for the same reasons, though in a minor degree, as those which exist in Ireland. The Separatist element, which undoubtedly is very strong in Scotland, is more remarkable there because the mass of the Scotch are the genuine kinsmen of the South

Saxons, and because Scotland is practically an independent nation, although she sends members to the Imperial Parliament at Westminster. Some may say that it is just because Scotland knows the advantages of practical Home Rule that she wishes to extend them to her oppressed Cymric and Hibernian sisters. Altogether, it would be rash to infer from the Partick Election that the Scotch are becoming converted to the doctrines upheld by the present Government. But it is quite possible that, being patriots first and Home Rulers afterwards, they are displeased with the anti-national attitude assumed by some prominent members of the Radical party. These gentlemen should remember for how long a period the Whigs of a hundred years ago were exiled from office because they invariably sympathised with the foreign foes of their native land.

AUSTRALASIAN FEDERATION.—Whatever may be the immediate result of the Melbourne Conference on Australasian Federation, it cannot well fail to smooth away some difficulties, and to tone down inter-colonial asperities. There seems to be general agreement among the delegates that the time has come for fusing together their naval and military forces, so as to render the whole available for defence at any threatened point. The recognition of this necessity is, in itself, a considerable step towards Federation; Governments drawn together for one purpose, and acting in common for its accomplishment, are likely to be drawn into still closer co-operation. Besides, as Sir Henry Parkes forcibly argues, the fusion of fighting forces would be of little use unless the whole were placed under the control of some supreme head. And what head could there be except a Government representing all the colonies, and exercising authority over all? Properly speaking, the federation of the several Governments should precede the federation of their forces; as matters stand at present, there is a certain look of putting the cart before the horse. The main difficulty to be surmounted is the time-worn one of antagonistic tariffs. Protection may perhaps be making some converts in New South Wales, and Free Trade be winning a few adherents in Victoria. But the vast majority of the population in both of these great colonies are strongly opposed to the slightest modification of their respective fiscal systems. The people of Victoria continue to believe that it is of far more consequence to their future prosperity to build up industries of their own than to buy foreign goods without paying duty; whereas the New South Wales settlers take precisely the opposite view as regards their own interests. There are other points in controversy, especially the choice of a capital, but it is this irrepressible tariff question which most discourages the advocates of Australasian Federation.

HELP FOR WORKING-WOMEN.—The Women's Trade Association held a very successful meeting the other day in Princes Hall, Piccadilly; and most people who have read an account of the proceedings will agree, we think, that the objects of the Society are thoroughly worthy of sympathy and support. In the East End there are many hundreds of women whose earnings, when they are in work, do not exceed a penny an hour. Such a fact as that ought to haunt the imagination, for it implies the existence of an incalculable amount of squalid misery. It is extremely difficult to help these poor workers, for no matter how inadequate may be the pay offered for their labour, so long as it suffices to keep body and soul together, there are always crowds of women willing to accept it. The first condition of any improvement is that they shall learn not to undersell one another, but to unite for mutual aid; and the aim of the Women's Trades Association is to help them to realise this essential truth, and to act upon it. It is not intended that money shall be given to Unions when they are formed; nor is it proposed that the public shall be asked to provide funds for the support of strikes. The Association simply desires to enlighten working-women as to their own economic interests, and to encourage them in their attempts at organisation; and in the mean time to investigate cases in which sweaters are accused of gross imposition and oppression. An office is to be established in the East End; and this, if possible, will be developed into a Labour Bureau. The office is also to be "a cheerful meeting place," where women may have opportunities of talking with one another, and of reading papers and magazines. These things cannot, of course, be done without a good deal of expenditure, but it is hoped that there will be no lack of subscriptions and donations. Women who have the good fortune to be well-off have here an excellent chance of giving expression to their generous impulses.

DR. BARNARDO'S CHARITIES.—In the recent case of the boy Gossage, whom Dr. Barnardo has been required by the Lord Chief Justice to produce, most people feel that, although the Doctor had committed a technical offence in concealing the whereabouts of the boy in question, he was not, considering the circumstances of the case, without moral justification. It seems evident that some alteration of the existing law is required, and that when the parents or other legal representatives of neglected children voluntarily place those children to be maintained in charitable institutions, the parental right of reclamation should be either abrogated or carefully restricted. At present, a disreputable parent may

suffer his or her offspring to be fed, clothed, and educated at the expense of other people, and then, owing to these advantages, the child has attained a certain attractiveness and wage-earning value, the parent in question may demand it again, and possibly, after the demand has been complied with, ruin all its future chances of happiness. Such being the case, it is natural, though illegal, that Dr. Barnardo should endeavour to make the reclamation of these waifs and strays as difficult as possible. In a case which recently came before Mr. D'Eyncourt, the circumstances were different, for the complainant was a person of respectability, who merely desired to correspond with her sisters in Canada, a request which Dr. Barnardo was willing to grant if a written pledge was given that no attempt would be made to disturb or unsettle the girls in question. Mr. D'Eyncourt wisely held that the condition was only reasonable, and in this instance, no doubt, all parties will be satisfied. But to meet other cases, a change of the law is imperatively demanded, otherwise a most useful form of charity may cease to exist, because of the disappointments and penalties which it involves.

THE BLACKWALL TUNNEL.—In 1887 a Bill passed through Parliament authorising the Metropolitan Board of Works to construct a tunnel beneath the Thames at Blackwall, with accommodation for both passenger and vehicular traffic. The changes wrought in the municipal administration of London by the Local Government Act placed this somewhat ambitious project for a time on the shelf. But it has lately been taken down, and the London County Council stands advised by the Committee which has been inquiring into the subject to carry out Sir Joseph Bazalgette's scheme in its entirety. This includes three separate borings under the river—one for pedestrians, the other two for vehicles—while the approaches are so prolonged, for the sake of easy gradients, that the total length of the whole work would not be less than three miles. It is unofficially estimated that a sum of about two and a-quarter millions would be required to cover the cost of construction and of land. Would it not be well, then, to take serious thought as to whence this enormous sum could be obtained before carrying the project any further? Any serious addition to the rates is not to be thought of for a moment—they are already very oppressive; nor are the coal-dues available, as they were in 1887, when the Metropolitan Board of Works conceived the idea of this tunnel. "Betterments" would produce next to nothing, even if that new principle of robbing Peter to pay Paul were likely to receive Parliamentary sanction. We fail, therefore, to discern any source from which the money could be obtained; while, even if that were not the case, it would be open to question whether such a huge sum might not be spent to greater advantage elsewhere in London. There cannot well be very much traffic at present which is seriously inconvenienced by the want of a tunnel at Blackwall—not a tithe of the amount, we fancy, that is very seriously inconvenienced by the Holywell Street block or the narrowness of Cheapside.

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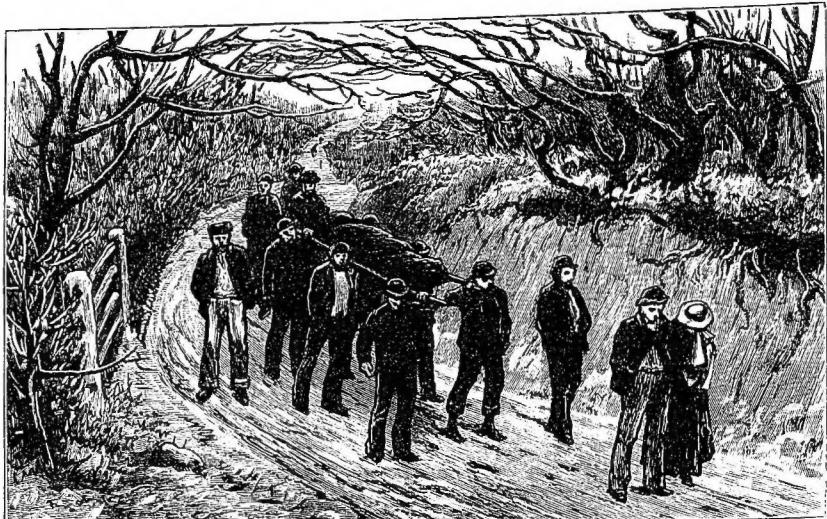
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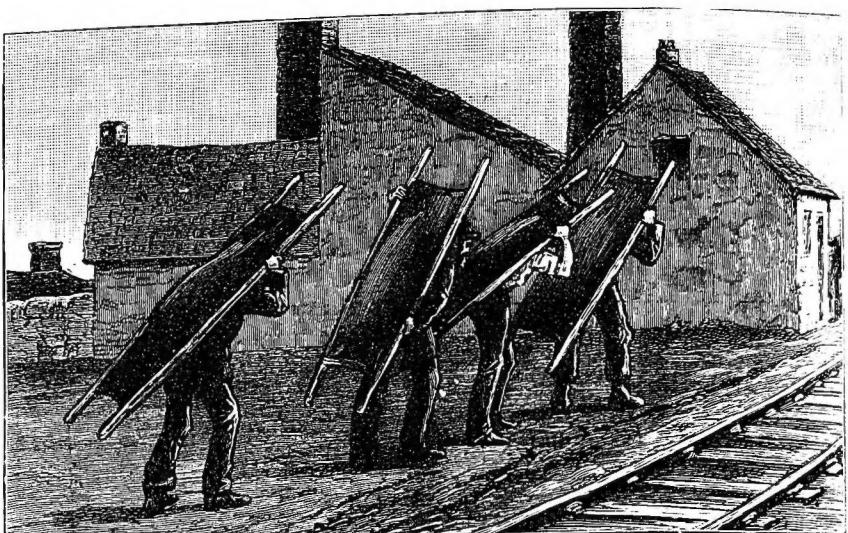


ARREST OF THE DUC D'ORLÉANS

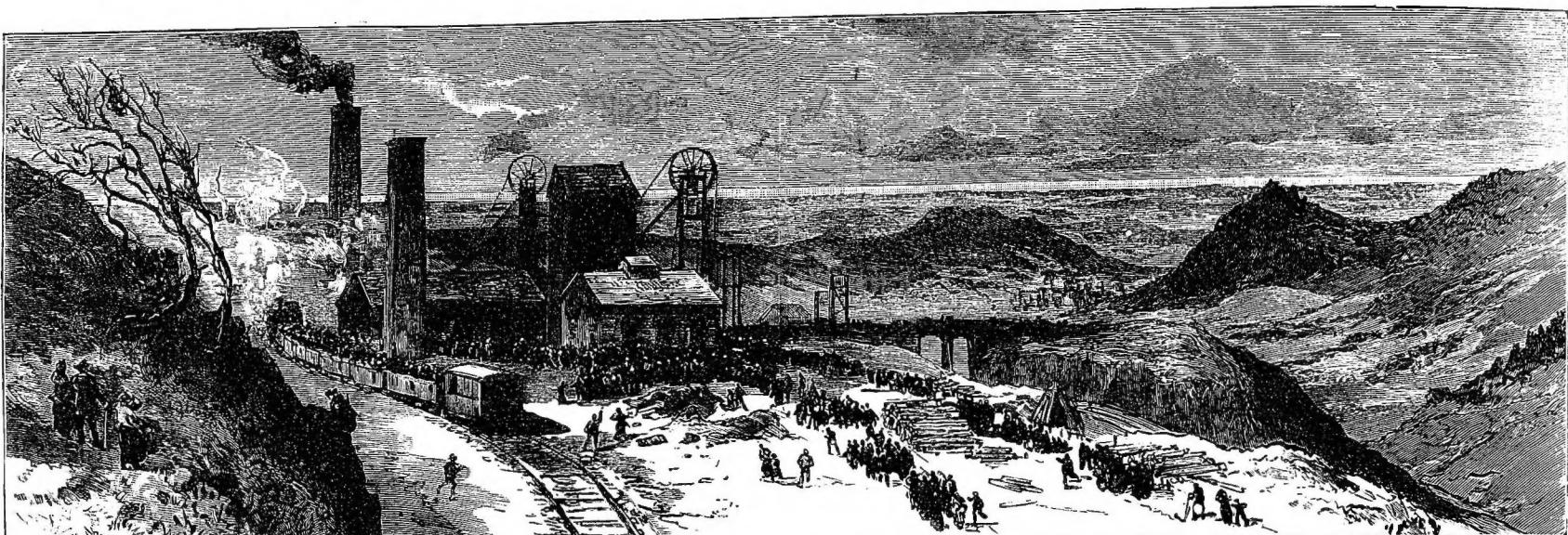
THIS young gentleman, the eldest son of the Comte de Paris, and therefore, from a Legitimist point of view, the Heir-Apparent to the Throne of France, has just celebrated his twenty-first birthday (which occurred February 6th) in a remarkable fashion. A clause in the Law of June 22nd, 1886, runs thus: "The territory of the Republic is and remains forbidden to the chiefs of the families who have reigned in France, and their direct heirs in the order of primogeniture." The young Duke resolved to brave this enactment in a manner which would commend him, as he considered, to the patriotic feelings of his countrymen; and accordingly, having disguised himself, he took the train from Lausanne for Paris, in company with his friend, the Duc de Luynes. After lunch next day, having assumed his ordinary aspect, he went to the Recruiting Office, stated who he was, and requested that, having just attained his majority, his name might be inscribed on the list of conscripts, as he wished to serve his three years like an ordinary citizen. The office authorities, not caring to deal with a personage of such distinction, referred him to the Mairie. The Mayor in turn referred



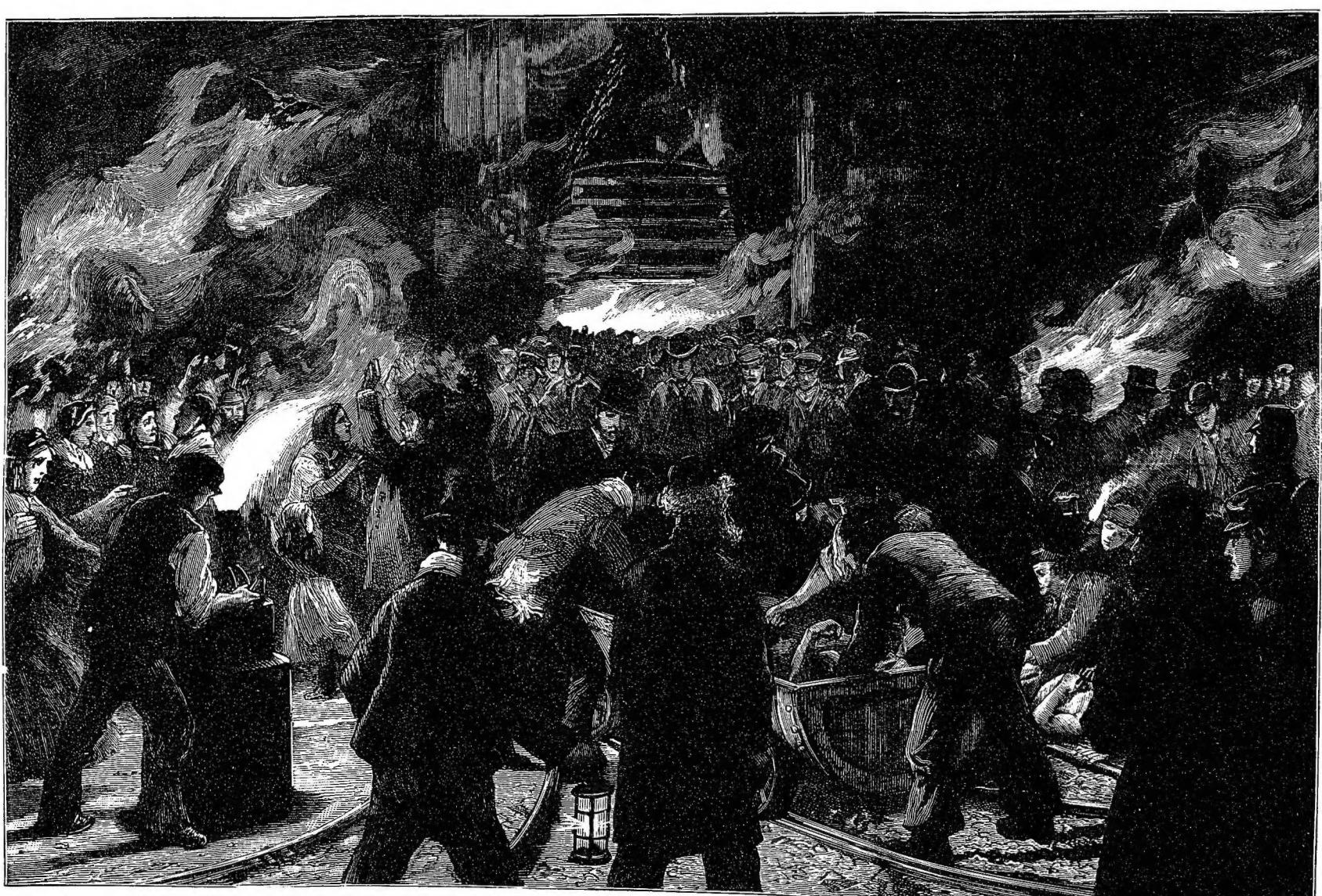
WHAT ONE MEETS ON THE WAY UP TO THE COLLIERY



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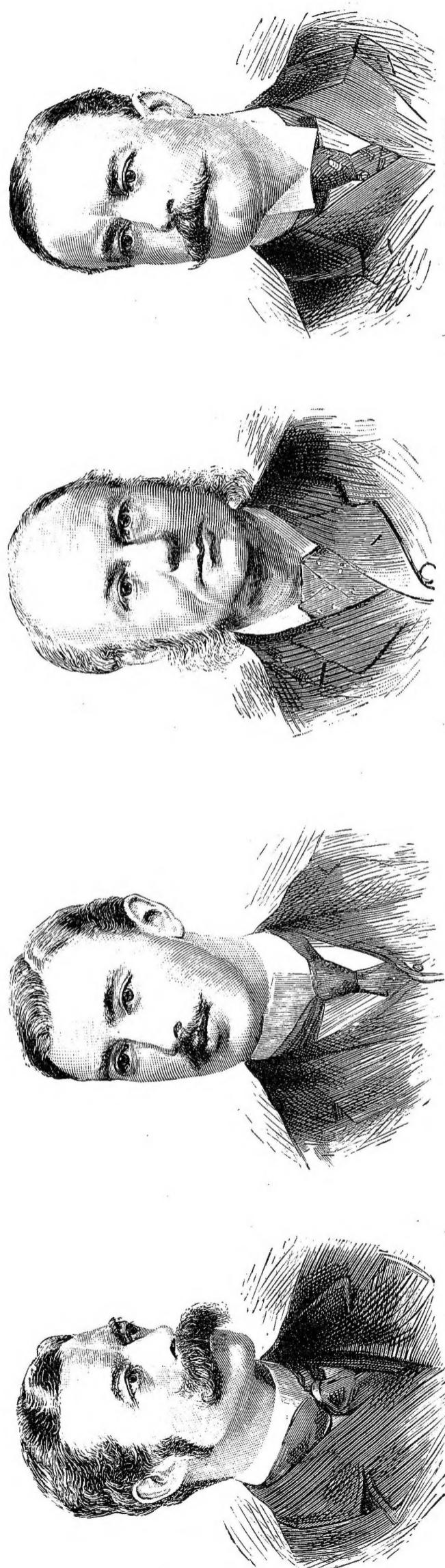


GENERAL VIEW OF THE WORKS JUST AFTER THE EXPLOSION



THE MIDNIGHT SHIFT WAITING TO DESCEND THE SHAFT TO RECOVER BODIES

THE DISASTROUS COLLIERY EXPLOSION AT LLANERCH, MONMOUTHSHIRE

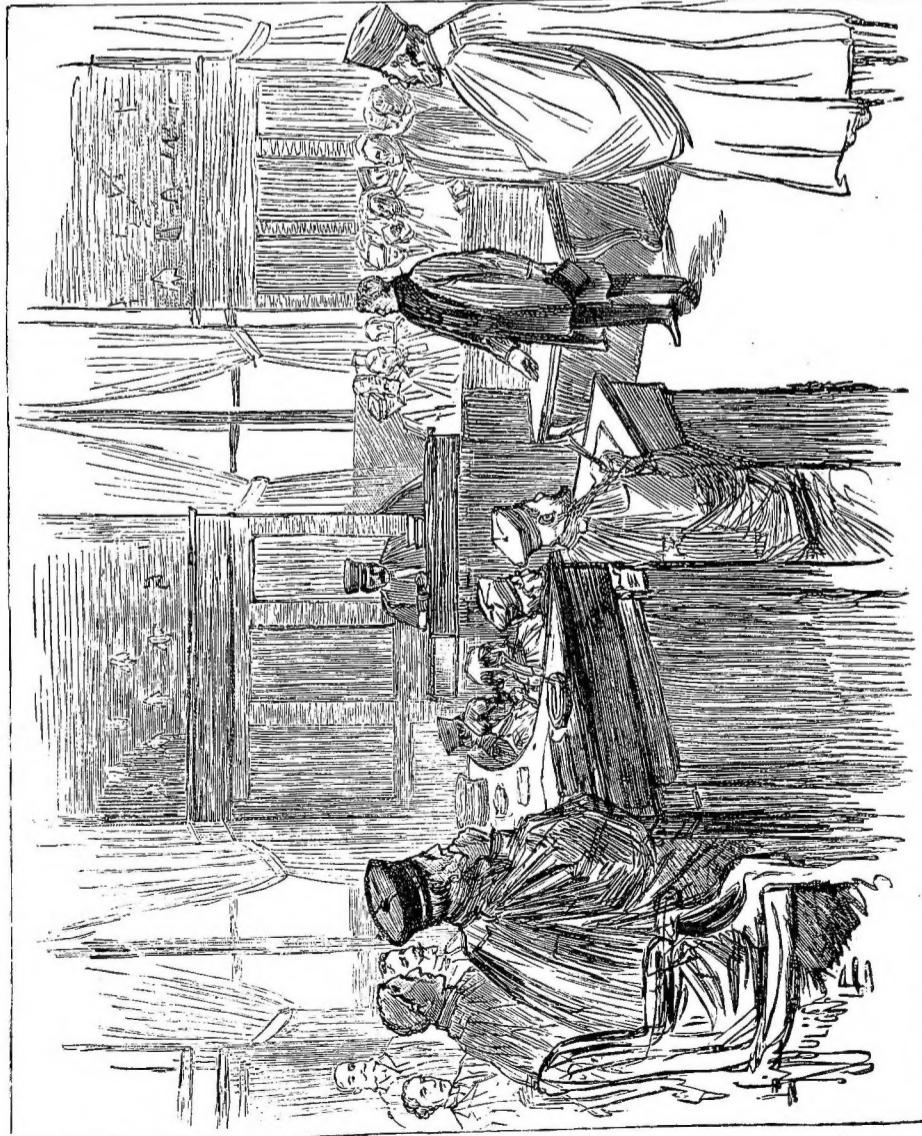
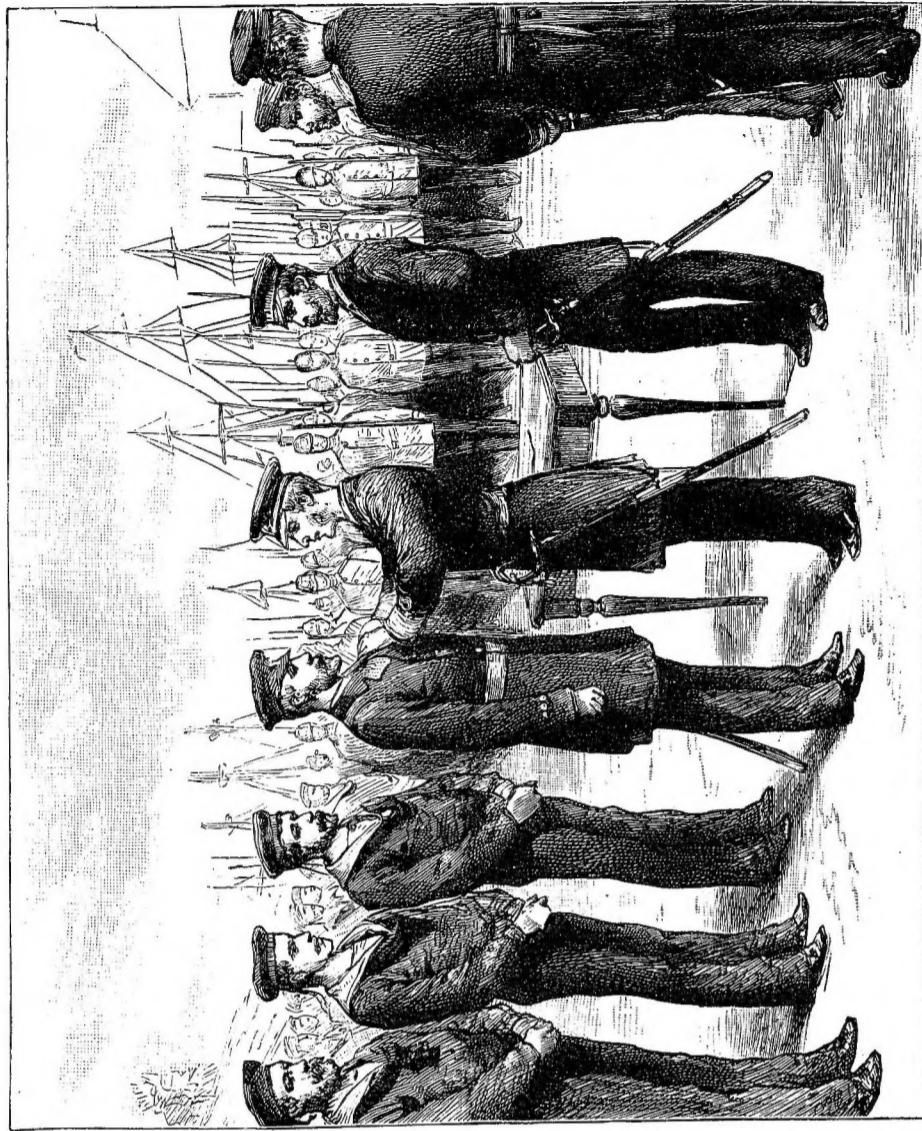
LORD BROOKE
M.P. for ColchesterMR. T. BLAKE ROYDEN
M.P. for the West Toxteth Division of Liverpool

THE EARL OF STRADBROKE

LORD DE RANSEY

THE MOVER AND THE SECONDER OF THE ADDRESS IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS

THE OPENING OF PARLIAMENT—THE MOVERS AND SECONDERS OF THE ADDRESS IN REPLY TO THE QUEEN'S SPEECH

THE ARREST OF THE DUKE OF ORLEANS AT PARIS
THE EXAMINATION BEFORE THE MAGISTRATES AT THE POLICE COURT

PRESENTATION OF THE ALBERT MEDAL TO MR. JOHN BARBER, BY ADMIRAL SIR WILLIAM DOWELL, K.C.B., AT DEVONPORT
(Mr. John Barber, late of H.M.S. "Lily," saved the lives of the greater number of the ship's company by swimming through the breakers and establishing communication with the shore at great personal risk to himself)

THE LABOUR QUESTION AT THE EAST END.—The formation of the London Docks, Wharves, Warehouses, and Granaries Association of Employers, and the emphatic expression of their determination not to be dictated to by the men, have averted the danger of a general strike at the waterside, and led to the withdrawal of the manifesto of the Dock Labourers' Union referred to in this column last week. Both at Hay's Wharf and Brook's Wharf the number of applicants for work is in excess of the employment to be given. At Brook's Wharf a demand made that all the strikers should be taken on again was peremptorily rejected.

MISCELLANEOUS.—Mr. Ralph Disraeli, Lord Beaconsfield's brother, is resigning his office of Deputy-Clerk of Parliaments, after nearly forty-nine years of Civil Service.—Lord Knutsford conferred on Monday, at the Colonial Office, with the Australian Agents-General on the subject of the Divorce Bill, recently passed by the Victorian Legislature, which, before it can become law, requires the Royal Assent. The chief difference between it and the English measure is that desertion for three years by husband or wife is made a valid ground of divorce.—The Coroner's inquest on the body of the stoker killed in the terrible accident on board the new war-cruiser, *Barracuda*, was opened on Monday at Sheerness, and adjourned for the evidence of experts from the Admiralty and scientific witnesses. The Lords of the Admiralty had telegraphed to the Coroner informing him that they would afford him every facility in the investigation, which they hoped would be most exhaustive.—A crowded meeting, presided over by Lord Dunraven, was held on Monday in support of the Women's Trade Association, which aims at ameliorating the condition of over-worked women by promoting their "peaceful organisation."—The Council of the National Rifle Association are taking steps to procure a Royal Charter.—During the first six days of the evening opening of the British Museum it had 12,282 visitors. The Trustees of the Museum are distributing duplicate works to various public free libraries throughout the country, and have presented to that at the Guildhall 5,000 books and 11,000 pamphlets.

OUR OBITUARY includes the death, in her seventy-eighth year, of Mrs. Moberly, widow of the late Bishop of Salisbury; in his fifty-seventh year, of the fifth Earl of Shannon; in his eighty-seventh year, of Lord William Thynne, son of the second Marquis of Bath; in his fifty-ninth year, of Major-General Lord John Taylor, youngest son of the second Marquis of Headfort; in his sixty-seventh year, of Major-General Sir Edward W. Ward (Royal Engineers), Master of the Mint at Sydney and Melbourne successively; in his sixty-first year, of Lieutenant-General Charles Baring, who was so severely wounded at the Battle of the Alma that it was found necessary to amputate his arm; and of Sister Ellen Mary, Mother Superior of St. Mary's Church of England Priory, South London, daughter of the late Mr. Ansell, the well-known actuary of the Atlas Office, and foundress of the most useful and beneficent Work Girls' Protection Society in the New Kent Road.



THE LATE MR. JUSTICE MANISTY is succeeded as a Judge of the Queen's Bench Division by Mr. R. Vaughan Williams, Q.C., a son of the late Sir E. Vaughan Williams, formerly one of the Judges of the Court of Common Pleas.

TWO GIRLS, aged nine and ten, were sent by Dr. Barnardo to Canada in 1883, and their relatives have not heard from them for several years. He gives the assurance that they are happy and doing well, and does not object to their corresponding with their friends at home, provided that the latter pledge themselves in writing not to attempt to remove the girls, or make them wish to be removed. Their married sister complained to the Westminster police magistrate of this restriction on their correspondence, but he thought Dr. Barnardo's condition a reasonable one, at the same time advising the applicant to have, with the aid of a Thames police magistrate, an interview and explanation with the Doctor at the Stepney Home.

ALTHOUGH THE LANDLORD OF HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE generously offered to forego his rent if the experiment of reviving the pantomime were tried, Mr. Justice Kay, regretting that his decision must be adverse to the interests of the unfortunate unpaid performers, has refused an application to allow a revival of *Cinderella*. It was opposed by some of the chief creditors of the Opera (Limited), partly on the ground that the pantomime was less likely at this time of the year than before to be remunerative. An affidavit produced gave some interesting particulars tending to show that no performance at Her Majesty's for many years had been a pecuniary success.

A RETIRED CAPTAIN OF THE BRITISH ARMY married in 1886 in Japan, and according to a Japanese rite, apparently a non-Christian lady. Under the Legitimacy Declaration Act the husband asked Sir James Hannan to pronounce the marriage a valid one, and thus secure the legitimacy of his offspring, this being the first instance of an application to bring within the scope of the Act a marriage celebrated in a heathen country according to a form in use among its heathen natives. The Court being satisfied not only that the marriage had been celebrated so as to make it legal in Japan, but that Japan being a monogamous country neither of the pair could contract another marriage during the lifetime of the other, the husband's application was granted.

WILLIAM WHITTANY, thirty-two, who when stopped by two constables in York Road, Lambeth, as loitering suspiciously, fired from a revolver at each of them, but missed both, only wanted a little luck to have outdone Jack Sheppard. After being recently brought before the Southwark police magistrate, he endeavoured, with a little file of which he had somehow become possessed, to cut his way through the side of the prison van on its return journey to Holloway Gaol, but his destination was reached before his purpose could be effected. When he was brought up again, both he and the entrances to the Court were carefully guarded, the reason for these precautions being disclosed in an intercepted letter to his wife. He told her that with a view to escape he had been working all the week at a ventilator in his cell so successfully that, jumping in his joy at the thought of freedom, he broke a little window, and this caused his removal to another cell. Nothing daunted, he confided to her schemes for escaping from his new cell, and asked her, or through her friends, to provide him with a file. Should these plans fail, if he could get a plumber's knife, he could, he said, make another attempt at escape from the van. "A little air-pistol and a good crack on the head would soon silence the policeman inside, and then they would let me out, and I would take all blame." Whether or not, should fortune favour him, he intended to lead an honest life, with or without a little competency acquired by his professional labours, he added, "If this was over, we could clear right out of the country, say good bye to all, and live happy and peaceable all our lives. Kiss dear little Nellie" (their daughter), "I can't get her out of my thoughts."



MR. BUCHANAN'S *Clarissa*, at the VAUDEVILLE, is necessarily a work of more sombre and less varied complexion than the same writer's adaptations of "Tom Jones" and "Joseph Andrews." Unless the whole spirit and moral of Richardson's novel were to be falsified, it was inevitable that this "history of a young lady" should present a more or less monstrous picture of villainy fertile in odious devices for undermining female honour. The tragic ending, with the death of one who, "though wrapped in a strange cloud of crime and shame," lived, like Shelley's heroine, "ever holy and unstained," could not indeed by any effort of ingenuity be dispensed with. Mr. Buchanan has incurred censure for making Clarissa, at the last moment, embrace the dying Lovelace, and, no doubt, there is something offensive in the notion of her lips being polluted by contact with those of this coarse and brutal type of the man *de bonnes fortunes* of the Richardson period; but Mr. Buchanan has taken occasion to protest that this is only the act of one whose consciousness of what is passing around her has faded into a dream of death. The concession that has really been made to the supposed craving of playgoers for romantic endings lies in the notion of inspiring Lovelace at the last moment with a disinterested love for his victim which such a man could not possibly feel. This is a notion borrowed from the French piece, of which Mr. Buchanan acknowledges in the play bill that he has made "free use." It is not Richardson, nor is it in Richardson's vein, but the wonderful fact is that the adaptor has, after all, and in spite of the new incidents, and even new characters, he has introduced, given us a play that approaches so nearly to a faithful presentation both of the story and the spirit of the old novel. The stage management has been well thought out; and the performance generally is characterised by harmony and finish. The most disappointing item is the Lovelace of Mr. Thalberg, who, though physically well endowed for the part, puts on, like Rosalind, "a swashing and a martial outside," and indulges in extravagant postures and wavings of the arms, which have nothing in common with the seductive fine gentleman of the period of wigs and swords. Miss Winifred Emery's *Clarissa* is, on the other hand, perfect in its grace, tenderness, resignation, and strength of character. For the special behoof of Mr. Thomas Thorne the author has invented a character compounded of the attributes of Belford, Tomlinson, and Morden—a broken-down, dissipated tool of Lovelace, who, tempted at first to abet his cynical employer's schemes, repents, protects and befriends the heroine, and finally runs Lovelace through the body in a duel. The part is full of fine opportunities, and it is played by Mr. Thorne with a sombre sort of power, for which few of his admirers would hitherto have been disposed to give him credit. Among the other performers Mr. Cyril Maude must be given credit for an admirable bit of character-acting in the part of the miserly old beau Solmes, Mr. Fred Thorne for a roughly spirited performance of Macshane (Tomlinson), while some less prominent, but more or less important parts are skilfully played by Miss E. Banister, Miss Mary Collette, Mr. Blythe, and Mr. Gillmore. A striking item in the scenery is Mr. Hemsley's elaborate view of Covent Garden Market, after Nebo's picture in the possession of the Duke of Bedford. Very favourably received at the matinée performance, *Clarissa* has since taken a place in the evening bill, which it is likely to hold for some time to come.

The new management of TERRY'S Theatre have contrived to cull from the newspaper criticisms a number of passages which, taken apart from context, appear to show that Mr. Jerome's *New Lambs for Old* has been hailed with general approval. The fact, however, is the other way, the truth being that there is but little to commend in this rather puerile satire upon Mrs. Mona Caird's theories of marriage, beyond the natural drollery of Mr. Penley. The married couple, who each conspire with their own butler to secretly introduce into their house an "elective affinity," and are afterwards seen in a double clandestine tête-à-tête at an hotel on the banks of the Thames, make really no pretence to be real personages. For this reason it would be unjust to blame either Miss Cissy Grahame or Mr. Bernard Gould for their failure to persuade anybody that they were in earnest. Mr. Penley, as an inquisitive family solicitor, hiding in a dinner-lift which has a habit of going up and down at inconvenient times, together with some amusing scraps of dialogue, are really all the elements of fun in this piece, which is at once too extravagant for farce and too conspicuously wanting in the farcical vein. *New Lambs for Old* was applauded by a friendly audience assembled to welcome Miss Grahame's first essay in management, but it is not worthy of the comic powers of the author of "Three Men in a Boat."

Mr. Toole's farewell performances have come to a close, as have the series of farewell festivals organised in his honour—the most noteworthy of which was the "Ladies' Kettledrum" and the banquet this week at the Hotel Métropôle, under the presidency of Sir Edward Clarke. Every one wishes Mr. Toole good health, a pleasant voyage to the Antipodes, and relief from the haunting shadows of his heavy domestic afflictions. From the Australians he is certain to receive a hearty welcome.

At the "Ladies' Kettledrum" already referred to the hearts of old playgoers were rejoiced by the sight of two very old favourites of the public—Mrs. Keeley and Mrs. Alfred Mellon; the latter better known to frequenters of the ADELPHI in the days of the late Mr. Benjamin Webster as Miss Woolgar.

"When in doubt, play *Our Boys*—particularly if Mr. David James is a member of your company." Such is evidently Mr. Wyndham's maxim. Accordingly the immortal buttermen has this week again taken possession of the stage of the CRITERION, in association with a strong company, who are decidedly more at home in this popular piece than they were in *Cyril's Success*.

Last December the managements of DRURY LANE and HER MAJESTY'S were in fierce rivalry, and in no less fierce dispute, about their respective claims to priority in regard to certain features of their pantomimes. Great, however, is the change since then. Her Majesty's has rather ignominiously closed its doors, and Mr. Augustus Harris is, with high-souled magnanimity, relieving the distresses of its unpaid employees. Four hundred pounds, the proceeds of a benefit given at Drury Lane, were distributed among these unfortunate persons on Saturday last.

Mr. Sydney Grundy's new comedy, which is to take the place of the gloomy *La Tosca* at the GARRICK Theatre very shortly, is to be called *A Pair of Spectacles*. Miss Kate Rorke leaves Mr. Benson's company at the GLOBE to play a leading part in Mr. Hare's venture.

The seventeenth annual dramatic performance by Major Payne's (I) Company, Queen's Westminster Volunteers, in aid of the company fund, will take place at St. George's Hall this (Saturday) night at 7.30 P.M. The performance, which will be under the patronage of the Duke of Westminster, K.G., Hon. Colonel, Lieutenant-Colonel C. E. Howard Vincent, C.B., M.P., Colonel Lynch, and the other officers of the regiment, will consist of Pool's famous comedy *Paul Pry*, preceded by the comedietta *Second Thoughts*.

COVENT GARDEN THEATRE.—*Cinderella* has been replaced at this house by a very effective spectacular piece entitled *The War in Zululand*. The battle of Isandula and the defence of Rorke's Drift are represented as realistically as is possible in such a comparatively confined space, and there is plenty of flag-waving, volley-firing, stealthy movements of nut-brown savages, and marchings of British redcoats. Comic relief is afforded by Dennis O'Donnycrook, a Tipperary war-correspondent, cleverly impersonated by Mr. D. A. Seal. The earlier items in the programme remain as before, including the performing bears, Mr. George Palmer's wonderful juggling on horseback, the young lady who walks gracefully on a telephone wire; the lion (actually a lioness) who rides on pony-back, and, in our opinion, most interesting of all, the musical Paviors of Paris, and Whimsical Walker, who, unlike some circus clowns, is humorous without being vulgar.

THE CHESTNUT HARVEST is France is of higher value than generally supposed, the official estimate for 1888 making the crop worth 1,500,000.

EX-KING MILAN OF SERVIA occupies his leisure time in gambling, and has now lost large sums at Monte Carlo. Accordingly, he is most depressed, and talks of suicide as the only way out of his troubles.

THE FAMOUS YOSEMITE VALLEY in California is completely snow-bound, owing to the severe weather in the Western States. Snow lies four feet deep in the valley, and is from six to ten feet in depth on the surrounding mountains. This heavy fall will increase the attractions of the region when once the snows melt, as the Yosemite Falls promise to be swollen in consequence far above their usual size. Visitors are expected in the valley by March 20th, if the season is favourable.

NATURAL HISTORY NOTES.—We should like to hear of the swallows said to have been seen on the Hampshire coast in January having been again observed.—Among the birds taken in Surrey by a local naturalist, we observe the very rare black-throated chat, the blue-throated warbler, the fire-crested wren, the Lapland bunting, the goshawk, and the white-winged crossbill.—Sparrows have become a perfect plague in Northamptonshire. The birds have increased so enormously of late, that near Thrapston the farmers have combined to offer rewards for their destruction. Thus, 4d. per dozen is paid for the heads of old sparrows, and 2d. for those of the young ones.

AN AWKWARD MISUNDERSTANDING occurred in Burma recently between two British columns sent out to punish a rebel tribe, the Kachins, on the Shweli river. One column started from Momeit, the other from Bhamo, intending to meet at Manton, which was supposed to be held by the rebels. But when the first column arrived the Kachins had decamped to the hills, and the troops took possession and fortified the village. Presently column number two appeared, and, seeing the village occupied, opened fire upon the supposed Kachins. Column number one in their turn concluded that the Kachins had come back to attack the intruders, and so returned the fire with interest. The rival columns blazed away at each other for some time before discovering their mistake, but happily no one was hurt—which does not say much for the accuracy of the fire.

THE HEIGHT OF THE CHIEF CAUCASIAN PEAKS was decided definitively by Mr. Douglas Freshfield and his companions during their recent search for the late Messrs. Donkin and Fox, as Mr. Freshfield related in his lecture before the Royal Geographical Society on Monday night. There are eight peaks loftier than Mont Blanc, and fifteen above 15,000 ft. The four highest are Elbruz, Koshtantau, Shkara, and Dychtau. It was in the attempt to ascend the last-named mountain that the British explorers evidently lost their lives. Mr. Freshfield and the search party passed through most interesting regions. They came upon small settlements of Mountain Jews, who must have been separated from their race at a very early date, and show signs of Persian influence. The travellers ascended the Leila peaks, south of Saunetia, which abound in flowers and forests. Here one glacier fell over a cliff in avalanches into a glen bright with wild roses and yellow lilies. They passed also through a dense forest to the valley of the Kodor, where local traditions declare that a wild race exists, without arms, clothes, or villages.

MISS NELLY BLY, the lady journalist who has just made the tour of the world in seventy two days, is the lion of New York at the present time. The reception on her arrival was overwhelming, cannon being fired, factory and locomotive whistles shrieking, and enormous crowds cheering as her train rolled into the station at Jersey City. Owing to the crush, the Mayor could not present his address nor his bouquet of roses, and Miss Bly had to be carried by two gentlemen to the carriage. A stampede of the crowd then ensued, so that women and children were thrown down and trampled upon. All the boats on the river whistled as Miss Bly crossed to New York, and a still larger crowd escorted her to the *World* Office, the heroine of the hour flinging roses to the enthusiastic assemblage. Miss Bly was dressed in English tailor-made style, a dark-blue and brown check dress, a Newmarket ulster with huge buttons, and a soft tweed cap. She says that the most exciting part of her trip was the ride across the States from San Francisco, which was performed by special train, a slight infringement of the original bargain to use only the ordinary modes of travel. The train ran at high-pressure speed, and even climbed the mountains at the rate of forty-five miles an hour. Miss Bly brings home a monkey from Singapore, the only curio collected in her extensive travels.

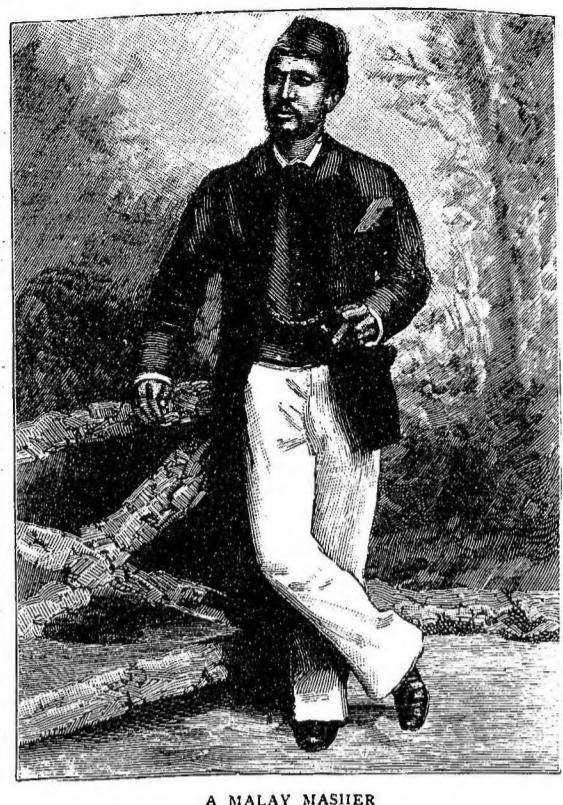
THE CARNIVAL IS BEING KEPT AT ROME in a very lukewarm spirit. For years past the Carnival glories have decreased gradually, but this season the Court mourning for the Duke of Aosta, the influenza epidemic, and financial insecurity have combined to crush all disposition for gaiety. So, too, in Vienna, where Society has not yet recovered from the depression caused by the Crown Prince's death. However, the annual "Lumpen Ball," or "Ragged Ball," has been held with much success. This entertainment is organised for charitable purposes, and the lower ten of the capital appear in fancy costume, while the aristocrats look on with condescension. Caricature groups were amongst the attractions, the best being Stanley carrying away Emin; a doctor and an influenza patient—the latter painfully realistic; Edison and the phonograph, and the muzzling order, where pretty girls sang through muzzles. The artists follow suit with an "Old Viennese Ball" in the Künstlerhaus. The costumes, sports, customs, music and dances of the olden day are to be revived, and the rooms arranged to represent Ancient Vienna. Still the real spirit of the Carnival is only to be seen at present in the Riviera, and particularly at Nice, which is thronged with foreign visitors. King Carnival made his entry on a huge golden tricycle, escorted by a lengthy procession of maskers, clowns, and soldiers. The first battle of flowers has also been held at Mentone with much success. Paris pays little attention to the Carnival, and altogether the social season has been very dull, and also complain bitterly of the lack of dances. President and Madame Carnot, however, gave the first of two grand balls at the Elysée on Thursday, and there was a monster ball at the Hôtel de Ville, attended by a very motley throng. Society looks down on the latter democratic gathering, together with the masked balls at the Opera, which have become dull and common.



A MALAY WOMAN

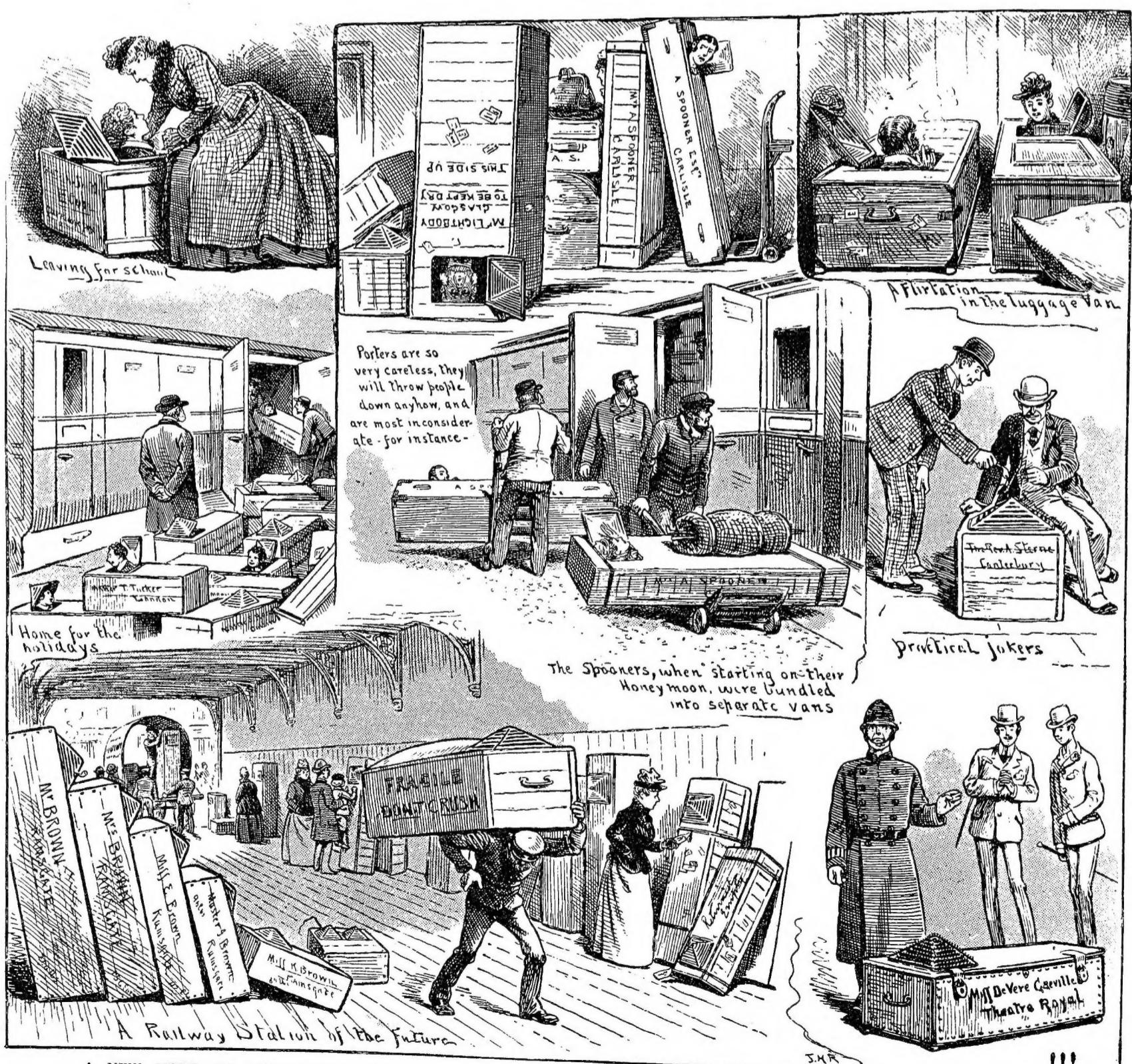


A GROUP OF CAPE MAHOMEDAN PRIESTS



A MALAY MASIER

MAHOMEDANISM IN KIMBERLEY, SOUTH AFRICA



A NEW MODE OF TRAVELLING—WHAT MAY HAPPEN IF THE VIENNA TAILOR'S PLAN IS GENERALLY ADOPTED



DRAWN BY PERCY MACQUOID

"Good-bye, Aunt Charlotte," said Mildred.

"MADAME LEROUX"

"Too early seen unknown, and known too late."—ROMEO AND JULIET.

By FRANCES ELEANOR TROLLOPPE,

AUTHOR OF "AUNT MARGARET'S TROUBLES," "AMONG ALIENS," "LIKE SHIPS UPON THE SEA," "THAT UNFORTUNATE MARRIAGE," &c.

CHAPTER IX.

THE correspondence with the Oxford don led to an unexpected incident. Sir Lionel in his letter had given Dr. Lux a general invitation to inspect his library and to be his guest, should circumstances ever bring him into the neighbourhood of Westfield; and Dr. Lux, taking the baronet at his word, wrote in reply that, happening to find himself in Sir Lionel's county, he would have the pleasure of presenting himself at Enderby Court on such and such a day, if that date were convenient.

Sir Lionel was fluttered at first by the idea of receiving a stranger. But when Lady Charlotte had shown him that he need be subject to no trouble or constraint; when she had promised to explain to Dr. Lux the precarious condition of Sir Lionel's nervous system; and when she had finally volunteered to assume all the care of entertaining the visitor whenever Sir Lionel should get bored—she begged pardon, she meant whenever Sir Lionel should feel over-fatigued, then he began to consider the matter complacently. "Of course it is a distinct compliment, his coming," said Sir Lionel. "I am conscious of that. The books—well, there is nothing in my library of such extreme rarity—at all events, nothing in his special line of study—as to tempt a scholar of his eminence—unless he looked forward to something besides, eh, Charlotte?"

Lady Charlotte fully thought that the Oxford gentleman did look forward to something besides. And she was on the point of saying that Dr. Lux naturally would feel sure of splendid entertainment in the house of the wealthy owner of Enderby Court, when Sir Lionel

saved her from that blunder by adding, "No doubt he perceived from my letter that he was not coming absolutely into Boeotia. There is a certain freemasonry between the learned—or I should rather say, perhaps, between students of every degree. Do you think he can have seen my little monograph on Amwell Abbey in the *County Antiquarian Magazine*? Ecclesiastical architecture is a hobby of his, I believe. Possibly I might, if I were feeling strong enough, drive him over to the ruins some day while he is here. I could illustrate my views on the spot, and it might interest him."

Lady Charlotte encouraged him in forming pleasing anticipations of the visit. She did not now disbelieve in the delicacy of her brother-in-law's health, any more than she had done at first. But during the weeks she had passed in his house, her observations had caused her to think that he led too sedentary and monotonous a life, which made him fanciful and hipped; and that nothing would be better for him than to have his spirits roused by a little congenial society. And then, moreover, this break and change in their lives would furnish a good opportunity for carrying out a plan which she had been gradually maturing in her mind ever since that little scene with Lucy in the schoolroom.

She wrote privately to Lady Grimstock, begging her to invite Mildred to Grimstock Park. She guardedly explained to Adelaide that she wished to wean her niece from the close companionship of a girl of inferior birth, with whom, since her mother's death, she had been allowed to become intimate.

The invitation came by return of post. Lord and Lady Grimstock would have much pleasure in welcoming their niece; and

they were delighted to do anything to please Charlotte. It is so much more exhilarating to do little favours now and then—or even great favours—than to be called on periodically for assistance, the granting of which comes to be looked on as no more than your duty, and the withholding of which would be considered an injury. Certainly the Grimstocks had never expressed any joy over the payment of the quarterly allowance which the Earl disbursed to eke out the miserable little annuity secured to Charlotte under her mother's marriage settlement.

"I don't say you can *refuse* to continue it, Reginald," Lady Grimstock would say to her husband; "but it is a drag, and there are the two younger boys to be thought of!"

But now Charlotte had ceased to draw her allowance, and Adelaide was really glad of the opportunity of proving that she had the kindest feeling towards her husband's sister personally, and that it was only her poverty which she had objected to.

"Aunt Adelaide has taken time enough to think about inviting me!" said Mildred, when the news and the letter were communicated to her. "I don't believe I have ever been in her house, except once, when I was a little baby. I have heard mamma say she took me there."

Lady Charlotte undertook to explain this in a conciliatory and almost coaxing manner. Lady Grimstock had been occupied with the care of her own babies; she and Lord Grimstock had spent some time abroad for the sake of their second boy, who had been sickly; since their return to England, Lady Grimstock had been constantly in mourning for the death of near relatives,

"I am very sorry she has had so much trouble," answered Mildred; "but I don't think I want to go to Grimstock Park."

It did not, however, cost Lady Charlotte very much trouble to change the girl's mind on this point. She spoke of Lord Grimstock's peculiar affection for her mother. Jane had always been his favourite sister (and here Mildred's memory of things her mother had said to her corroborated her aunt's words). She said that he would feel hurt and surprised if his niece showed herself cold and wanting in family feeling; she praised Adelaide's gentle manners; but the most attractive bait of all was the nursery full of children. Mildred adored little children, and the account of the three boys, the eldest of whom was only ten, and the toddling, three-year-old girl, was fascinating.

"I should certainly like to see my little cousins," she said, at length. "If they had but asked Lucy as well, I dare say I might enjoy the visit."

Lady Charlotte had sufficient self-command to make no answer to this; but later in the day, when Lucy and Miss Feltham were both present, Mildred again expressed her wish that Lucy had been included in the invitation to Grimstock Park. There was a blank silence. Miss Feltham stole a glance at Lady Charlotte, and immediately afterwards snapped her embroidery silk, and tried to re-thread the needle with unsteady fingers. Then Lucy said—

"It was not very likely they should do that, Mildred; and I don't want their invitation."

It would have been wiser to say nothing. But the expression on Lady Charlotte's face goaded her to speak. She must protest against the suspicion plainly implied in that glance from one girl to the other, and that disdainful half-smile, that she had been hinting this idea to Mildred.

"Oh, but that's nonsense, dear," replied Mildred, in her placid, soft voice. "You would come with me, and we should have such fun with the children together! I dare say Lady Grimstock would—Aunt Charlotte! I have a great mind to write and ask Aunt Adelaide if I may not bring Lucy with me."

Lady Charlotte shrugged her shoulders and raised her eyebrows. Lucy started up. "I hope you will do nothing so absurd, Mildred," she exclaimed, hotly; "and if you do, I tell you beforehand that nothing shall induce me to go to Lady Grimstock's with you." And, with flushed cheeks, she hurried out of the room.

Truly Jacob Shard had lamentably wasted his wisdom on a person capable of playing so blindly into her adversary's hands!

There was no difficulty in obtaining Sir Lionel's consent to Mildred's visit. There were very few things he would have refused to his daughter; and perhaps Lady Charlotte, in preferring the request to Sir Lionel, attributed to her niece some of her own eagerness on the subject. However, Mildred was, at all events, willing to go. Her constitutional shyness with strangers was not alarmed by the prospect of meeting a large party at Grimstock Park. She had been assured that she would be the only guest, and that, moreover, she would have full permission to spend as much of her time as she chose in the nursery.

Miss Feltham had had some faint expectation of being asked to accompany Mildred to Grimstock Park; but she was told by one of the upper servants that Lady Charlotte had made arrangements for Mrs. Griffiths to escort Miss Enderby and her maid to her uncle's house.

Upon this, the governess at once made up her mind to employ the period of her pupil's absence in going to see her married sister in Kent, with a view to provide a retreat for herself in the event of her leaving Enderby Court. Although, even in her private meditations, Miss Feltham made this contingency hinge upon an "if," yet at the bottom of her mind she was convinced that her going was merely a question of time, and that Lady Charlotte was resolved to replace her. Miss Feltham was not particularly wily or interested, but her struggle with the world in her youth had taught her some art of self-defence. And what self-defence can there be for a weak creature set to find its own provender—to eat and not to be eaten—in this carnivorous and pugnacious world of ours, except cunning? So she resolved to endure a very great deal of mortification rather than voluntarily relinquish her situation. If Sir Lionel dismissed her, he would probably feel bound to do something handsome for her; if she dismissed herself, the provision might not be quite so handsome. She believed, from words and hints let fall even during Lady Jane's lifetime, that the family intended sooner or later to give her a retiring pension; and she did not intend to jeopardise it by any imprudent display of feeling. Lady Charlotte snubbed her, ignored her, and superseded her in a variety of ways. That was painful, but a good annuity would certainly afford considerable compensation. During the week or two of Mildred's absence Miss Feltham would run down to Margate and see her sister, who was married to a respectable chemist and druggist in that town.

So the elderly governess was absorbed in weaving her own plans, and building her own castles, with the egotism indispensable for her self-preservation.

"And what shall you do with yourself, Lucy?" asked Mildred, on the eve of her departure, when the two girls were alone together in the schoolroom. Then, before an answer could be given, she added, "I know, though! You will just go and bury yourself in the library, as soon as I am not here to make you frivolous, and drag you into the fresh air. Warner will have to dig you out of a mountain of books when he announces dinner. And then in the evenings you will sit and drink in all the learned talk between father and the Oxford pundit, just as I should gobble up strawberries and cream!"

"If I am buried, it will be under a pile of half-darned stockings. And I shall spend my evenings in drinking in Aunt Sarah's moving narrative of what she said to Betsey, and what Betsey said to her, and what Mr. Shard said when she told him what Betsey had said."

"What!" cried Mildred, "are you going to your uncle's? Why don't you stay at home here?"

"My uncle's house is home, Mildred; all the home I have. And Lady Charlotte thinks I had better be there."

"Did she say so?" asked Mildred, staring at her friend in evident perplexity.

"Not in so many words. But Lady Charlotte has several ways of making herself perfectly understood."

Mildred stood silently pondering for a minute. Then she said, "Do you know, Lucy, I am afraid you are unjust to Aunt Charlotte. You speak sometimes as if you disliked her."

"I—I like her as much as she likes me," answered Lucy, with a quivering attempt at a smile.

The other girl continued to look at her quite gravely. All at once she drew near, and put her arm round Lucy's shoulder.

"You are not jealous of Aunt Charlotte, are you dear?" she asked.

"No, no, Mildred; don't think that! Indeed it is not that!" said Lucy, keeping her face turned away, but putting up her right hand to grasp Mildred's left, which lay on her shoulder.

"Because you know, dear," Mildred went on, "that nobody in the world could make me leave off loving you. It is natural that I should like Aunt Charlotte, you know. She is my dear mother's own sister. And besides, she is very kind and affectionate to me."

"Of course, of course!" said Lucy hastily. She turned her face to her friend now, and tears were trembling on her eye-lashes. "Don't think me so mean—so ungrateful—such a poor, spiteful

THE GRAPHIC

creature, as to grudge Lady Charlotte your affection. If she does not like me—"

"But she does, Lucy! Why should she not? Of course she likes you!"

Lucy shook her head, and continued. "If she does not, it is no crime. I have plenty of faults. But you love me, don't you dear?"

I shan't care for—for anything, if you stick to me, Mildred."

"Stick to you! To be sure I shall stick to you! Why do you say that?"

"It is not an elegant or romantic phrase, certainly. But it is just what I mean. I feel so lonely sometimes. I seem to belong to nobody."

The grasp on her shoulder tightened. "You belong to me," said Mildred. "We will love each other all our lives long. I am not so clever as you, Lucy; nor so good; nor so—anything, except

so staunch. But I am staunch. You are my sister. I am not changeable."

The two children—the elder of them was little more than a child—kissed each other. Lucy's cheeks were wet, but Mildred was quite dry-eyed, and her lips were set with a determined firmness, the like of which Lady Charlotte had not yet beheld on that young face. It was a look which Miss Feltham knew, although she had seen it but seldom. Whenever it did appear in a conflict of their wills, the governess habitually drew off her forces, and retreated from the field in good order.

How many a time afterwards, and in how many different circumstances, Lucy remembered those simple words, "You are my sister. I am not changeable!" And saw once more the fair childlike face, with its intent blue eyes, and soft lips pressed together! There was a bowl full of tea-roses on the table; and all her life long the scent of tea-roses brought before her a picture of Mildred. Enderby. But more unlikely things—a chance word, a verse of poetry, the sight of a passing face in the street—would send the electric spark of memory flying through a hundred links to illuminate that scene—the two young figures holding each other's hands; the afternoon sunshine throwing dancing shadows of chestnut-leaves on the smooth, grey wall of the school-room; and, through the open window, the opulent repose of lawn and flower-garden, bounded by the upward slope of the park, with its blue woodsy vistas.

CHAPTER X.

THE next day Mildred departed, but Lucy's departure was very unexpectedly prohibited by Sir Lionel. The baronet came down to breakfast with the family, contrary to his custom. He was quite alert. Not only his daughter's journey was an exciting novelty, but there was Dr. Lux's arrival in prospect. Sir Lionel had taken the energetic resolution of driving down with Mildred to the station, and bringing back Dr. Lux, who was to arrive by the train which carried her away.

As they sat at breakfast, Miss Feltham said some words which caught Sir Lionel's ear.

"Eh? What?" said he, almost sharply. "What is that about Lucy's going to her uncle's? Nonsense! Lucy must stay here, and help to entertain Dr. Lux."

Miss Feltham coloured as if she had been detected in something disgraceful. Lucy turned pale, and cast down her eyes. Mildred laughed and exclaimed, "There! What did I tell you, Lucy? Of course you will stay at the Court."

Lady Charlotte had the courage of her opinions, and stood to her guns. "I promised Mr. and Mrs. Shard when I saw them the day before yesterday, Lionel, that their niece should stay with them during Mildred's absence," she said, speaking with the air which had become habitual, and almost unconscious, with her, of uttering a flat, from which there could be no appeal.

But Sir Lionel, on his side, had passed the greater part of his life without being thwarted, and it seemed quite a matter of course to him that he should have his own way. "No, no, no," said he, smiling amiably on Lucy; "I cannot do without my private secretary, especially while Dr. Lux is here."

Lady Charlotte made an effort to keep her temper and to achieve her aim. "I don't know what Mr. and Mrs. Shard will say if—" she began. But her brother-in-law did not let her finish her sentence.

"What should they say? It will not make the smallest difference to them! But if you are scrupulous about having given your word, Charlotte, send down one of the men to Mr. Shard with my compliments:—'Sir Lionel's compliments, and he has arranged for Miss Marston to remain at The Court.' That will be quite sufficient." Sir Lionel slightly waved his hand, as having settled the matter. Just as he rose from the table his eye fell on Lucy's face. He paused, and said kindly, "You are not unwilling to stay, are you, my dear?"

Lucy looked up at him wistfully. "No, Sir Lionel, if—if you think I can be useful."

"That's right, that's right. Warner, give orders that the carriage is ready in good time to take us to Westfield Road. Anything like hurry at the last moment upsets me altogether. And see that Mrs. Griffiths and Miss Enderby's maid set off first, in the omnibus, with the luggage; Sam had better drive them. Send round to the stables—eh? You have sent? No matter; send again. Bid them be particular to be punctual. Stay! The coachman had better bring the carriage round five minutes before the time named previously, whatever that was."

The unwonted movement and bustle roused even the fat spaniel from his apathy. He came sniffing round Mildred, and wagging his tail with a doubtful air, as not having quite made up his mind whether the occasion were one for rejoicing or woe.

But all the while Mildred stood in the great entrance-hall quiet and smiling, and holding Lucy's hand fast clasped in hers. Lady Charlotte, who had been giving orders to the maid, suddenly turned and saw them thus. Something like a pang of hatred towards Lucy shot through her heart. She began to charge her niece with messages for Lord and Lady Grimstock, drawing her apart, so as to detach her from Lucy, who, indeed, spontaneously retreated into the background at Lady Charlotte's approach.

Then the carriage dashed up to the door, and in another moment all was bustle and movement. When Sir Lionel did exert himself, his energy took the form of fuss and fidget. He was helped on with his light overcoat; a certain cushion was placed at a certain angle on his seat in the carriage. He hurried every one as though there were not a second to spare, although it was quite certain that if they started at once they would have to wait at least a quarter-of-an-hour in the station at Westfield Road. "Come, Mildred! Come, my love!" he cried, waiting impatiently at the carriage-door to hand her in.

"Good bye, Aunt Charlotte," said Mildred, embracing her. "Good-bye, Elfie; auf wiedersehen! Yes, father, here I am!" She stepped into the carriage; Sir Lionel followed her. Just as Warner was closing the door she called out, "Where is Lucy—I want Lucy!"

A slight figure came flying down the steps, bare-headed, with outstretched hand. Mildred seized the hand, and, quite regardless of Lady Charlotte's warning cry, stooped over the side of the carriage and kissed Lucy's upturned face, at the very moment when the horses started. A flash of the bright harness—the grinding of wheels—the swiftly retreating thud of hoofs on the gravel of the drive—and they were gone.

Lady Charlotte walked through the hall, where a group of servants lingered, and where Miss Feltham timidly made way for her to pass, looking like Até. When she reached the foot of the staircase, she glanced back over her shoulder and said, sharply—

"Why do you leave that door open? Let it be shut."

There was an instant's pause. Then Warner said: "The hall door, my lady? Yes, my lady—immediately. Miss Marston is still outside on the drive, my lady."

Lady Charlotte faced round for a moment. "Miss Feltham," she said, "will you be good enough to intimate to Miss Marston that I cannot allow the whole household to be kept dancing attendance on her caprices?" Then her ladyship's majestic back and sweeping draperies slowly disappeared up the staircase.

Miss Feltham hurried out on to the great steps. "Lucy!" she called, in a subdued, anxious voice. "Come in! You are keeping Warner there, and—and Lady Charlotte desires that the door should be shut. Lucy!"

But Lucy stood some paces down the drive, shading her eyes with her hand, and watching the carriage as it dwindled in the distance. In a few seconds it reached a turn in the avenue, a gleam of sunshine glittered on it as it followed the curving line behind the trees and disappeared. Then she dropped her hand and walked wearily back to the house. Mr. Warner stood awaiting her, still holding the door, and as she came in, he made her a bow. Mr. Warner, though always respectful, as became a butler of his dignity, was not in the habit of making bows to Miss Marston, but he chose to enter a protest against Lady Charlotte's harshness. He made some rather severe observations to Mr. Campbell, the head gardener, over a moderate glass of toddy that evening, on the subject of her ladyship's demeanour to Lucy Marston, and, in the course of these confidential criticisms, he used one or two unparliamentary epithets—such as "catamaran"—which, it is to be feared, were intended to apply to Lady Charlotte Gaunt. Indeed, his view of that august patrician was singularly like Mr. Pinhorn's view of Hannah Jackson in one respect—in suggesting, namely, a heartless expression of gratitude for having been spared the trials of matrimony!

Lucy's heart was too full to notice any of these things. She wandered into the schoolroom, and thence into the pretty chamber next to Mildred's, which had been called "Miss Marston's room" almost as long as she could remember. Then she laid her hand on the lock of the library door, and drew back with a nervous fear lest Lady Charlotte might be there. Miss Feltham was in her own apartment, packing and preparing for her journey. All at once Lucy put on her hat, and determined to sally out into the village. She had thought of an errand she could do there. It would be an object for her walk; some occupation to save her from sitting down alone to think, which she knew would, in her present mood, result in weeping. She inquired of Warner (still chivalrously protesting in his own mind against the persecution by catamarans of such a pretty and pleasant-spoken young creature as Miss Lucy Marston) if any message had been sent to Mr. Shard according to Sir Lionel's directions; and being answered in the negative, volunteered to carry it herself.

Her way lay past Dr. Goodchild's house; and there, issuing forth from the surgery, she met Mr. Edgar Tomline. This young gentleman was known to the postal authorities of Westfield (in their official capacity) as Edgar Tomline, junior, Esquire; but by the inhabitants generally was alluded to as "Ted," "Teddy Tomline," or "that there young Tomline," according to the rank and age of the speaker. He was Dr. Goodchild's assistant, and the *bête noir* of certain of the doctor's patients. These were sundry poor and aged persons, mostly women. They would not on any consideration knowingly have swallowed a draught or bolus of young Tomline's preparing, being convinced that at his tender years he could not filly be entrusted with the mixing of a black draught, or a cough syrup; and being, moreover, haunted by the grim idea that, in the pursuit of experimental science, young Tomline would be utterly reckless as to the risk of poisoning a lone widow woman, or a superannuated farm-labourer. These prejudices were utterly groundless. Edgar Tomline was twenty-four years old, and as capable of weighing, pounding, and mixing as Dr. Goodchild himself. Neither—to put aside any other considerations—was his ardour for therapeutics of so consuming a nature as to make him oblivious of the existence of the coroner. But he was neither engaging in his appearance, nor popular in his manners.

He was tall and large-jointed, with a brick-coloured beardless face, very light blue eyes, and almost flaxen hair. Big as he was, his clothes always seemed too loose for him, and were generally shabby and the worse for wear. He was a North-country man, and his accent was a favourite theme of ridicule with the youth of Westfield—who were extremely sensitive to any divergence from the local methods of mispronunciation. But such as he was, Edgar Tomline, junior, was as romantically in love with Lucy Marston as if he had been the graceful and accomplished hero of a novel, in the dim days when a hero was expected to be handsome and charming, and a heroine to behave with modesty and keep a civil tongue in her head.

He had, perhaps, not spoken to Lucy more than a dozen times in his life, and he had never spoken to her alone. As to her having any knowledge of his worship, the very thought of her discovering it would make him cold with terror whenever he was in her presence; although in the solitude of his chamber over the surgery at Dr. Goodchild's, he rehearsed the most moving scenes, wherein he declared his passion in eloquent language, and she, with a low-voiced exclamation of "Oh, Edgar!" or something equally delicate and appropriate, hid her face upon his shoulder.

Meeting her now, however, unexpectedly face to face, he stopped, pulled off his hat, retreated a step or two, and then stood stock still, staring at her as if she had been a Gorgon rather than the beautiful lady of his dreams.

"How do you do, Mr. Tomline?" said Lucy, looking kindly at him. She always looked and spoke kindly to him, for she had an idea, or, rather, an instinct, that he was sometimes lonely and home-sick, and always a great deal more sensitive than he looked.

Her voice made his nerves vibrate like the strings of a fiddle to the bow. But he could only stand there awkwardly, with his battered old wideawake in his hand, kicking one clumsy boot against the other, and answer in his North-country accents,

"I'm pretty well, Miss Marston, thank you. I hope you're pretty well."

She paused a moment, for he stood right in her path, as solid and to outward appearance as stolid, as a bullock, and then asked with a little smile,

"Which way are you going, Mr. Tomline?"

"Oh, I beg pardon, Miss Marston, for standing in your gate! I—I was going your way."

He brought out this assertion with a half-shamefaced, half-defiant air of conscious guilt; for, in truth, he had been just starting in the opposite direction. But he was determined not to risk losing the chance of walking a few yards side by side with Lucy Marston. A girl equally in love, and equally bashful, would have turned away smiling, and, perhaps, cried afterwards over the lost opportunity. But, apart from pride of sex, which in the woman's case would have prompted retreat, and in his suggested advance, there was a certain brute-force about Edgar Tomline's way of wishing what he wished—an intent singleness of purpose which was constitutional. He had plenty of complex motives and contradictory thoughts in his brain—it had learnt to argue, to doubt, and consequently to fear

and weigh consequences. But by temperament he never jibbed any more than a draught-ox.

With a burning face and beating heart he accommodated his great strides to Lucy's step, and marched along the road beside her, between the clipped hedges, broken at intervals by a garden gate, or the rough-cast flank of a labourer's cottage. He hardly dared to look at his companion, and yet he was intensely conscious of every detail of her graceful presence—from the dark waves of hair escaping from one side of her hat, to the thick, little, country-made boots that encased her neat foot.

In very pity for his shyness Lucy talked to him; and by degrees led him to speak of his home—a great stone built farm-house on the edge of a wide moor; and of his father, a yeoman, very proud of his long pedigree, and very disdainful of folks who hankered after cheap finery—material or social. He talked of his five sisters, all well married here and there in their own country-side; of his brother, who was the heir to the farm, his father's right-hand already, and one of the best judges of cattle in the whole country. And then he spoke of his mother; and at the mention of her name his heart seemed to overflow with love. She was the most notable of housewives, never seen on week-days without a great bunch of keys hanging to her girdle, and mistress of every detail of indoor labour throughout the farm.

Her poultry were models, her garden a wonder of bloom in that rugged climate. But beyond and above all that, she was a woman of fine imagination, loving poetry, and reading it, in her few and hard-earned hours of leisure, with intense enthusiasm. It was at her intercession that Edgar had been allowed to follow his own bent, to study at Edinburgh, and to throw himself into the profession of medicine. All at once the young man stopped short. It was the prosaic circumstance of meeting the baker's cart which suddenly checked the flow of his speech, and brought his thoughts back to Westfield from the breezy uplands, and low oak-panelled chambers of his home, where they had been wandering with the delicious consciousness of Lucy's presence mingled with it all like a fragrance.

"I—I beg your pardon, Miss Marston. I don't know why I bother you with all this. It can't interest you," he said.

"Oh yes it does;" she answered gently. "I always like to hear of homes where people love each other."

At this moment they reached the Jacksons' cottage, and were seen from the open doorway by Mr. Jackson, who hailed Tomline aloud, and then raised his forefinger to his forehead in honour of Lucy. "You've got something for me from the doctor, haven't you?" said Jackson.

"Yes," growled Tomline sulkily; for he would have to go in and deliver the little packet he had undertaken to convey, and thus terminate abruptly his walk with Miss Marston. But the next moment he could have hugged Mr. Jackson to his heart, for the old man said,

"Wouldn't you walk in and rest for a minute, Miss Marston? I think the sight o' you would do me more good than all the doctor's stuff. 'Twould be like a sunbeam in the room. And I allus say the sun's the best doctor goin' for rheumatics."

Lucy glanced into the little parlour. She had a repugnance to meeting Hannah Jackson; but, as Hannah was not there, she entered. She could pass ten minutes there as well as anywhere else. There was ample time still to carry her message to the Shards; and any diversion which took her mind away from her own sad thoughts was welcome. She came in, and seating herself in the Windsor chair which had had the honour of holding Lady Charlotte not very long before, said,

"You must not put down your pipe on my account, Mr. Jackson. It does not annoy me, and I know it is a comfort to you."

After a little polite show of reluctance, Jackson resumed his pipe. "Ah," said he, "I was a sawney talking about the sight of you being as good as sunshine. A sweet kind young lady like you is a vast deal better than sunshine for cheering a man up." He had a great deal too much native tact to venture on a compliment to her beauty—of which, however, Mr. Jackson was a professed admirer. As he looked again at her young face, paler than usual, and noticed the downcast eyes, and the drooping curve of the mouth, he muttered to himself, "Eh, but it's more like moonbeams than sunbeams to day! I reckon the poor young lass has been bothered." Then, addressing the doctor's assistant, he said, "Well, Mr. Tomline, and how are you? And have you good news from Ravenshaw? You must know, Miss Marston, that Mr. Tomline's father and me's old acquaintance. I was often up at his place when I lived wi' Squire Parkinson; and I've bought a horse of him before now. Ah, he's a grand man is Mr. Tomline, of Ravenshaw. One of th' owd sort. And the mistress, she's a grand woman. This young chap ought to go down on his marrowbones night and morning, and thank the Lord for such a father and mother."

"I am sure Mr. Tomline appreciates his parents," said Lucy, looking at the young man with a smile which made him dizzy. "We were just talking about them."

Jackson's keen black eyes glanced from one to the other, and he formed a shrewd conclusion as to the state of Edgar Tomline's feelings.

"Nay, lad, thou hasn't the ghost of a chance," said Mr. Thomas Jackson to himself. "She's made of a deal too fine and delicate stuff for thy wear. Something i' the homespun line would be about thy cut. And yet the poor lass has but a blue look-out of it; what with Shard, as would skin a flint, and grind the orphan's bones to make his bread, and what with my lady, who wastes no love on her if all tales be true. She might do worse, poor lass! Tomline of Ravenshaw is a warm man." Then, after another keen glance at Lucy's face, "But it won't do. She'll never have thee, Ted Tomline; and thou's just scorching the great blundering buzzing wings o' thee for nought!"

Lucy sat resting, and rather silent, while the two men talked of Edgar Tomline's home, and the wild moorland beyond it, which both agreed in considering far finer than anything which the midland and southern counties had to show. "Talk o' scenery," said Jackson, in his rolling bass, "where'll you find such a gallop straight on end mile after mile over the heather, the ground like a spring-board under your horse's hoofs, and the wind whistling past your face with a sting in it that makes a man feel as though he could jump over the moon."

Edgar was pleased that Miss Marston should hear the praises of his home and his family from a disinterested witness, and encouraged the old man in his garrulous reminiscences. For Jackson, like most Yorkshiremen of his class, although he could be dumb as a fish on occasion, had nevertheless a tremendous power of holding forth when once he gave the rein to his tongue. All at once Lucy's attention, which had wandered, was attracted by hearing the words "Llibburn Farm."

"Do you know that place?" she asked, impulsively.

"Eh? For sure I know it well enough, Miss Marston. It's not above five miles from Squire Parkinson's; and we don't think much of five miles in that part of the country. But Mr. Tomline here must know it better than me; for it's almost within sight of his father's house."

"Yes, yes; I know it," said the young man, eagerly. "A farmhouse in a hollow, with a bit of a burn running past it. I've fished there many a time as a boy. Have you any interest in Llibburn, Miss Marston?"

"I think," answered Lucy, simply, "that that is the name of the place where I was born."

(To be continued)

RECENT POETRY AND VERSE

FROM the pen of Mr. Michael Doyle we have a formidable epic in twelve books and blank verse, entitled "Cause" (Kegan Paul). The author apparently aspires to be the Milton of our day. He first indulges in long and laboured explanation of the mysteries of the universe, and here he is hopelessly obscure. For the rest we have a *rechauffé* of Scripture history from the days of Adam and Eve down to the date of the incidents described in the New Testament. We may admit, however, that the prayer contained in the opening eight lines of the epic has been granted:—

O Sacred Eloquence! ever moved
To broad and charactered beneficence
That breathes of Thee from every part
Of Thy fair book of Nature! If my soul
The prime communication of Thy will
Aspire without just aim or worthiness
To sing of Thee, and reach intents sublime,
Do Thou deny me Thine aid requisite!

We do not think Mr. Doyle will take rank with Dante or the author of "Paradise Lost," though some people may find pretty these lines, intended to picture the attitude of the animals in the Garden of Eden towards our first parents:—

Creatures with eyes affectionate, but shy
Lest tokens of affection should offend,
Came bounding with light feet and tossing tails,
Yet nearer curbed exuberance of joy.

Not of superior quality, but treating of lighter themes, we have "Fragments of Fancy in Verse" (Remington), by Messrs. Arthur and Leopold Hare. In the first pages we are informed that it is sweet at midnight:

To hear of music plaintive strains,
That art so truly fine.
One of the remnants left man of
His origin divine.

As a motive to right living, the following remark about death shows originality:—

His appetite voracious, 'tis
Impossible to cheat,
So let him, when he comes to us,
Have something good to eat!

The authors have evidently heard of "alliteration's artful aid," and so they give us

In the busy "buzz" of business.

Our excerpts are from the poems labelled "Serious;" those called "Comic" are more irritating, and not quite so funny.

Mr. Alexander Lauder of Barnstaple publishes "The Leper of Chorazin." It is very takingly printed and illustrated. The subject is the cleansing by Christ of the man afflicted with leprosy. The verse is simple, and not of high quality. There is nothing to call for praise or comment. The effort is well meant. We may perhaps point out that the following quotation is somewhat suggestive of certain lighter verse by Mr. Gilbert:—

He called the sons of Zebedee
To follow him to fish for men
With Simon and his brother, two
Disciples of the Baptist, who
Will never more cast line or net
In waters of Genesaret.

To the series known as "Dean's Books for Elocutionists" has been added "Elocution Made Easy: The Elocutionary Pause, Its Nature, Use, and Value: Being a Complete and Practical System of Elocution," by Miss Edith Heraud, author of "Handbook of Elocution and Oratory."



NOVELS dealing with Jewish life and character have been by no means infrequent of late; but it is somewhat singular that there are not a great many more of them, especially considering the extraordinary versatility of talent, the literary included, which characterises the Hebrew community itself, and the interest which everything regarding it possesses for the whole world. In "The World and the Cloister" (2 vols.: Chapman and Hall), Mr. Oswald John Simon, writing obviously as one of a race and religion in which he glories, uses his story of the abduction of a Jewish infant, and the restoration to her mother after having developed, despite conventional education, into a brilliant woman of the world, as an excuse for the development of his views concerning the true mission of Judaism, and its relation to other religions and to final problems. He seems to us to dwell so much upon the purely spiritual aspect of his faith as almost to suggest an esoteric Judaism apart from that ceremonial and traditional side, of which he none the less recognises the practical value for minds unable to rise above them. All this is exceedingly interesting as the work of one who is so thoroughly in earnest as Mr. Simon, and who has given so much sympathetic attention to other creeds, if in a much more superficial way than he has thought about his own. An equally full measure of the novel (if novel it can be called) is given to parliamentary politics; and the author, through his hero, has a great deal to say well worth the consideration of those who believe that party-government is the last word of an ideal constitution, or that to pit party against party and to come out the winner is synonymous with statesmanship. The portraiture—save in the case of the highly idealised Roderick Hugenot and Irene Cassandria—is typical rather than individual; but of course by this the aim of the work, which is to deal with generalities, is answered the better. Not very much human or personal interest is aroused; but thought is stimulated, and this without consciousness of effort on the part either of the writer or of the reader. "The World and the Cloister" should certainly find a corner on the bookshelf which holds "Tancred" and "Daniel Deronda."

Miss Jessie Fothergill has done very much better work heretofore than "A March in the Ranks" (3 vols.: Hurst and Blackett), which is none the less a reasonably interesting and certainly an amusing novel, apart from comparison with one or two of its predecessors. The weak point is the story—Miss Fothergill cannot get away from her favourite motive of the husband who cannot get rid of a wife who is a burden to his life and who stands in the way of his happiness; and it is not a motive capable of any fresh developments, especially in the hands of an author who, as soon as she finds that she has touched a dramatic situation, drops it as if it were a hot potato. It is by her portraiture, mostly of a light order, but in the case of Alizon Blundell rising into the serious study of a character worth that study both for its strength and for its weakness, that Miss Fothergill compensates for whatever may be considered her shortcomings.

Distinctiveness of portraiture is not the strong point of "In Days of Adversity," by Reginald Lucas (1 vol.: Hatchards). The reader gets merely confused among the innumerable Tom Burtons, Leonard Hubbards, Jemmy Edzells, and all the other colourless and useless persons, of whom a clean sweep might be made without leaving any

noticeable gaps in the story. Even the deaf youth Gaspard, whose infirmity combined with his way of turning up at unexpected moments, leads one to expect something from him, can only be compared with a Jack-in-the-box, who pops up at intervals, only to be promptly shut down again. The style is crude and high-flown, and the story is unsympathetic to the last extreme. How is it possible to care for such a heroine as Lady Dora, who accepts as true an outrageous libel upon the man she is supposed to love and trust—makes no inquiry, seeks no explanation, dismisses him without even giving him a reason, and marries the slanderer? A heroine of the good old school—and, we trust, of real life also—would have stood by her lover's good name to such good purpose that "In Days of Adversity" could never have been written. On the other hand, a miserable marriage, sin, and consumption, are not made so interesting as to excuse Reginald Lucas's strange ignorance of how any woman would behave who is supposed to be not entirely destitute of both heart and brain.

It may be that in the original Danish, Henrik Pontoppidan's "The Apothecary's Daughters," translated by Gordius Nielsen (1 vol.: Trübner and Co.), possesses some charm of style which has evaporated in the translation. It is to be hoped so; for the story is in sad want of something to redeem it in the eyes of any ordinary circle of readers. It is an unpleasant history of matrimonial infidelity, rendered the more unpleasant from the utter childishness with which it is told. It is neither realistic nor romantic; it contains neither study of character nor dramatic situation. Just possibly it may have profundities for some extreme Ibsenite devotees, but this is surmise only; and, as we have said, we are quite willing to make allowance for haziness of translation. But despite every allowance, and every surmise, the novel, in its English dress, can only be pronounced as feeble as it is dull.

The drift or point of "Currie, Curtis, and Co., Crammers," by C. J. Hyne (1 vol.: Remington and Co.), seems to require some special and extra sort of humour to gather. That it is meant to be exceedingly amusing is clear; that it has some sort of purpose is dimly imaginable; and, under such circumstances, it is unfair to find fault with the author for what, of course, may be the misfortune of the reader. Is the idea that the best thing stranded honour-men, without experience, prospects, or capital, can do to make a fortune is to take a country-house and to fill it with hopeless blockheads at 200/- a year? Or is this meant for satire? Whatever it is, however, it is better than Mr. Hyne's fun.



CHARLES WOOLHOUSE.—Sound and excellent work for advanced students will be found in "Melodic Studies for the Pianoforte," by L. A. de Orellana, who has also composed a clever quartet in G major for two violins, viola, and violoncello, which will prove a welcome addition to modern chamber music.—"In Foreign Lands," six characteristic duets for the pianoforte, by J. Jacques Haakman, are bright and cheerful melodies typical of the countries after which they are named. Book I. represents Spain, France, and Hungary; Book II., Russia, Poland, and Italy.

MESSRS. WOOD AND CO.—One of the most useful and comprehensive little books amongst the many which are issued on the subject is "Theory with Relation to the Practice of Technical Studies," for the pianoforte, by Max Blume, who has just published a third edition. Worthy of special attention is a remark by the author in his preface: "You play, and not your fingers; you must first be taught to command your fingers to play what your mind through your eyes conceived, by understanding what is written on the music sheet."

MESSRS. W. MORLEY AND CO.—Three drawing-room songs, for which Emily Walker Hunter has composed the pleasing music, are "'Tis Not to Be," the sad poetry for which is by Edward Oxenford, who has also written "The Lad That's Away," which is of the same melancholy type as the above; in both of these songs the golden-haired maidens turn grey whilst watching for their sailor lads, who never come back; for "The Bridal Vow," Charles Jefferys has written quite a sermonette, addressed, we should suppose, by the bride's father to the newly-made bridegroom.

MESSRS. WEEKES AND CO.—Quaint and original are both music and words of "A Song of Long Ago," written and composed by Robert Mayrick and Ernest Bryson.—William Stephens has composed the taking music for "If Thou Art Sleeping, Maiden," Longfellow's sweet little poem; and also for "Clouds," the dreamy words of which are by Walter A. Gale.

MISCELLANEOUS.—A very tender and charming little Scotch love ditty is "The Love Lilt o' the Lark," written and composed by Alexander Anderson and George Gordon Pirrie. This song is worthy of being learnt by heart; it is of medium compass (Messrs. Patey and Willis).—Stirring and vigorous is "In At the Death," written and composed by Henry Martingale (C. Jefferys).—"The First Primrose Gavotte" by Rich. Eilenberg, is melodious, and may lay some claim to originality (Messrs. Hawkes and Son.)—"The Old Abbey Waltzes," by Mervyn Fairfax, are tuneful and danceable; they are attractively frontispiced by a view of Kirkstall Abbey, one of the most interesting ruins of the twelfth century (Messrs. Hammond and Co.).—"La Margherita Valse," by G. W. Crawford, is pretty and unpretentious (Messrs. Duncan Davison and Co.).—Encouraged by the success of "The Beecham Valse," named after the pills so called, we have now before us "The Aspinwall Waltz," by Edward Solomon, which takes its title from the famous enamel; the music is fairly good, and the frontispiece is attractive (Messrs. E. Ascherberg and Co.).

CHAMOIS-HUNTING HAS BEGUN IN SWITZERLAND. The hunters in the Engadine haye had poor sport hitherto, the fine weather enabling the animals to remain at inaccessible heights. Foreigners have little chance of stalking a chamois, as they cannot obtain a licence without taking out a species of act of naturalisation. So they usually accompany a Swiss who holds a licence; and, if they are carrying his gun when a chamois is sighted, they may, in the excitement of the moment, forget the prohibition and fire. Keen sportsmen are often willing to pay a fine of 2/- for the pleasure of a day's hunt. There are over 2,000 head of chamois in the Grisons alone, some 500 being killed annually.

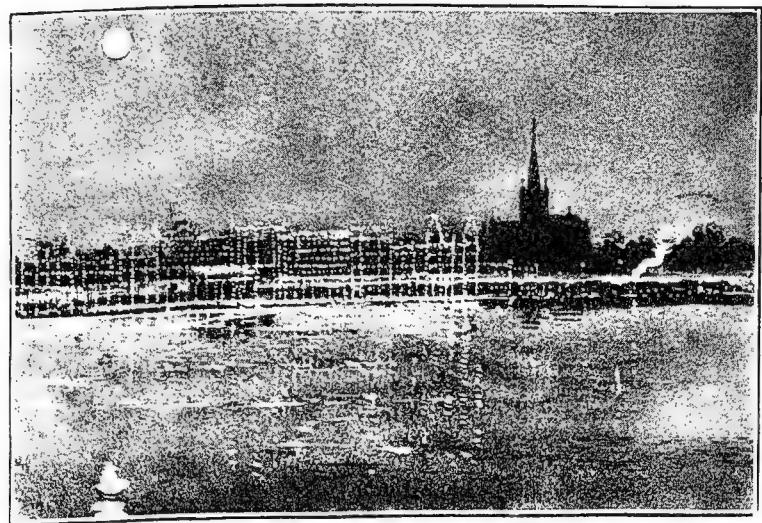
A WINTER SLEIGHING TOUR IN THE TYROL has just been made by some English and American ladies. They drove from Niederndorf, in Carniola, over the Kreuzberg to San Stefano, and thence across the Italian frontier to Titian's birthplace, Pieve di Cadore, and back to Cortina. They returned by the Toblach Lake and Pusterthal to Niederndorf, delighted with their trip. The weather being favourable, two of the ladies and three gentlemen then ascended the Dürnstein—8,500 feet—singing on two guides in snowshoes to trace the path. The usual beautiful view from the summit proved poor in winter, as the picturesque sharp outlines of the Dolomites were hidden by snow. The party made most of the descent in hand-sledges.



THE SALVATION ARMY DUET FROM "RUY BLAS" BY MISS NELLIE FARREN AND MR. FRED. LESLIE
A CIGARETTE CONCERT HELD AT THE HONOURABLE ARTILLERY COMPANY'S HEAD-SQUARTERS, FINSBURY

FETE AND ILLUMINATIONS IN HONOUR OF
PRINCE ALBERT VICTOR'S VISIT TO CALCUTTA

THE steamer *Kristna*, which conveyed the Prince and his suite from Rangoon, anchored at the mouth of the Hooghly on the evening of Thursday, January 2nd; and on the following day proceeded to Calcutta, where a right royal welcome awaited his Royal Highness. But the supreme effort of the Entertainment Committee was the *fête* on the Maidan, or public park, held on the night of Tuesday, January 9th.



THE MOHAMEDAN CITY OF FIRE

"On the bare plain," writes Mr. W. H. Jobbins, to whom we are indebted for the sketches from which our illustrations are taken, "within a large enclosure, a number of tented structures and illuminated buildings had been erected. In a vast Durbar Tent near 2,000 persons had assembled to accord the Prince a formal reception on his arrival, and here a Hindoo naught and the feats of the native juggler were witnessed. Fronting the Durbar Tent was the Mohamedan 'City of Fire'—a close representation of Murshidabad, in which all the details of the long line of buildings on the Bhagirati were carefully worked out with lamps hung on a framework of bamboos."

"The effect of the picture picked out in bright golden lights, extending for 700 feet along the edge of the Dhopa Tank, was

had been raised, which, if not so effective, were at least quite as characteristic. The trees of the Maidan were loaded with coloured lamps, and the ramparts of Fort William were traced out in a steady, bright gold beading of light, which had an admirable effect as seen across the Maidan. Good use was also made of the electric light; while in the business part of the town the shops were brilliantly illuminated.

"Of the amusements provided at this *fête*, the place of honour must be given to the Kattak Dance—a species of war-dance, in which the performers brandish their swords in an apparently reckless and highly dangerous manner, as they form a gyrating, pirouetting procession round a camp-fire. Seventy men of the 20th Punjab Infantry, mostly belonging to the Kattak tribe, and brought down expressly from Rawal Pindi, performed the dance, and anything more savage, and at the same time more picturesque, it would be difficult to imagine. The dance is really a pantomime of their warfare, and each warrior carries a cloth with which in the periodical pauses of the measure he wipes the glittering blade that has been playing around his head like lightning. At times the dancers are so close to each other in line, that the greatest skill has to be exercised to prevent the occurrence of a disaster, for the sabres are not in the least like those of the stage."

"Another sight that attracted much attention was the Tibetan Dance, which, however, is a much tamer and less artistic affair. The men wear hideous masks, and jump about in a grotesque fashion, the dance being really a crude ballet, the story of which is not always easy to follow. There are other dancers with long skirts, who whirl round like Dervishes at the top pitch of attainable velocity."

"The Royal party watched these dances, and looked on at a Bengali play, and at some wrestling and quarter-staff contests, with evident enjoyment; and when the *fête* came to close, it was generally admitted that the Entertainment Committee had done its duty by Calcutta."



So many Englishmen now go to South America to seek their fortunes, and recent events have caused so much attention to be turned to Brazil, that "Beyond the Argentine; or, Letters from Brazil" (W. H. Allen and Co.) will not want for readers. Miss

based upon the many voluminous letters from Stanley himself, published from time to time in the daily papers. This being so, the unpretending little volume edited by Mr. J. Scott Keltie, the Librarian of the Royal Geographical Society, is perhaps the most interesting of the three. "The Story of Emin's Rescue as Told in Stanley's Letters" (Sampson Low) is simply a reprint of the letters themselves, published with Mr. Stanley's permission. They are accompanied by a clearly-drawn map showing the route, and are prefixed by a concisely-written account of Emin's life and work, and the circumstances under which the expedition for his relief was set on foot.

A more ambitious work is "Stanley; and His Heroic Relief of Emin Pasha" (Dean and Son). Mr. E. P. Scott, who has travelled in Africa himself, has faced his edition of the letters with a history of the Soudan in modern times, some account of the Equatorial Province, and the work done there by Sir Samuel Baker and General Gordon, and a life of Stanley, including the oft-told story of how he found Livingstone. The book is illustrated with portraits of Stanley, the Mahdi, Zebhr, and Emin, and contains other illustrations, besides the indispensable map. A capital book for boys.

"Stanley's Emin Pasha Expedition," by Mr. A. J. Wauters, chief editor of the "Mouvement Géographique," Brussels (John C. Nimmo), is also accompanied by illustrations and a map; better still, it has an index. It differs from the above-mentioned books, moreover, in that Mr. Wauters has not given all Stanley's letters at full length, but, while making copious and frequent extracts, has woven them into a continuous narrative. The size of his volume, which is double that of Mr. Scott's and Mr. Keltie's, has enabled him to devote considerably more space to the history of previous explorations in Central Africa. His first chapter deals with the original conquest of the Soudan, now almost forgotten in the numberless striking incidents of which late years it has been the scene. There is much, too, about Dr. Junker, and his escape from the Court of the wretched Mwanga at Uganda, and some account of the abortive Emin relief expeditions, under Dr. Fischer and Dr. Oscar Lenz. To those who wish thoroughly to understand what has been done in Central Africa and the Soudan, and what remains to be done, Mr. Wauters's book will prove most useful.

If there must be great lives of great men there must also be little ones; great lives for the students, and little ones for those who can give but scant time to reading, and can spend but little on their books. Already Dr. Richard Garnett has contributed to the "Great Writers" Series a most admirable life of Carlyle, and now he gives us an equally admirable "Milton" (Walter Scott). In both cases Dr. Garnett has done much more than condense the great works of Mr. Froude and Professor Masson respectively. He has, of course, taken the biographies of both these writers as the basis of his own work, as all later writers must; but he has looked at his hero with his own eyes, he has conceived him afresh, and has written of him in his own way. This book on Milton is indeed a model of what such books should be. Alike in criticism of the man and his work, it shows sympathy, erudition, and judgment.

Some weeks since we ventured to utter a little plaint to the "occultists," but still they do not stay their hands. They continue to assume and to expound, floating high above all such trivialities as evidence. It is the mark of the true disciple of occultism to make a number of the most startling assertions, to take them for granted, and to proceed to argue from them. Here, for instance, is a lady with the pretty name of "Nizda," who is good enough to tell us all about "The Astral Light" (Theosophical Publishing Company, Limited), "its character, power, and effects." Astral light, we gather, although it belongs more especially to the realm of soul, is nevertheless as substantial as the atmospheric air we breathe. Elsewhere Nizda says, with delightful vagueness, "this element, atmosphere, ether—call it as we may—belongs to the department of occult physics." Astral light, we further learn, is "dual and bi-sexual," and that is puzzling. Then Nizda drifts away into Eliphas Levi, *The Secret Doctrine*, and the rest; and she expounds the inner meaning of everything and becomes charmingly transcendental. Finally, she winds up with some remarks on spiritism, going over the old ground already so well occupied by Mr. A. P. Sinnett, and explaining that the phenomena of the séance-room are due not to the spirits of the departed dead, but to a race of frolicsome elementals. That would be a comforting belief, if we did not know first of all that the "phenomena" in question are the work of cheating rogues, who call themselves "spirit mediums."

In two substantial volumes are published "The Principal Dramatic Works of the late Thomas William Robertson" (Sampson Low and Co.; Samuel French). The son of the dramatist contributes a lengthy memoir of his father, from which many details of his career are learned for the first time. Robertson came of a theatrical family, both his father and grandfather being actors of repute in the provinces. William Robertson, the father of the dramatist, married a Miss Marinus, also an actress, and of their family the dramatist was the eldest child and Madge Robertson (Mrs. Kendal) the youngest. The young Tom was put on the stage at a very early age, but almost as soon as he had left school he began writing plays. Strange to say, his first play, *A Night's Adventure*, was accepted by William Farren, and produced at the Olympic. But it ran only four nights, and, after many gallant attempts to get other plays accepted, Robertson was reduced to such a condition of poverty that, with his friend H. J. Byron, he determined to enlist. The regimental doctor, however, would not pass him, having detected, it is supposed, traces of that organic disease of the heart which was ultimately the cause of his death. *David Garrick* was Robertson's first success, and after that he had only to wait a little until fame came to him with the well-known succession of comedies which revolutionised the modern English drama. All this Mr. T. W. Robertson has told in full detail, and his memoir of his father is as interesting a theatrical biography as we have had for a long time. It is a record of the heroic struggle of a clever man for recognition, won at last while he was still young and fresh enough to enjoy his triumph. Of the plays republished in these two volumes some, it must be honestly said, do not seem very brilliant when read in cold blood. Even the famous comedies, *Ours, Caste, School*, and the rest are scarcely exhilarating when read; but the same would be true of almost all plays since *The School for Scandal*. Robertson, it cannot be denied, rendered great services to the English stage, and if his plays are already losing something of their freshness, he will yet be long remembered as the most brilliant—certainly the most purely English—dramatist of the latter half of the century.

If any persons should be competent to write upon the subject on which this volume treats, viz., "The Culture of Vegetables and Flowers" (Simpkin, Marshall, and Co.), it would be Messrs. Sutton and Sons, of Reading. They have given a life-long study to the selection of seeds and to the rearing of plants, and no one can fail to obtain the benefit of their experience after consulting this book. Messrs. Sutton, in their preface, say, "Our aim is to enable an amateur to produce the finest vegetables and the most beautiful flowers in their season," and doubtless all amateurs will thank them for their many useful hints and directions. We are not surprised the book has reached its fourth edition.

There are plenty of lost villages along the Eastern coast of England. They have been slipping under the sea since Mercian times. Of many more the traces are seen after a hot summer,



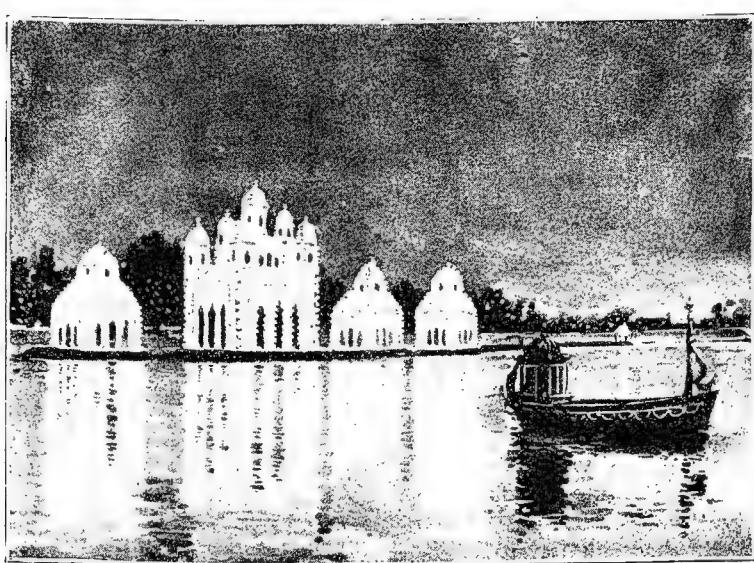
THE KATTAK DANCE

wonderfully fine; and the craftsmen from Murshidabad, whose handiwork it was, certainly achieved one of the principal triumphs of the display.

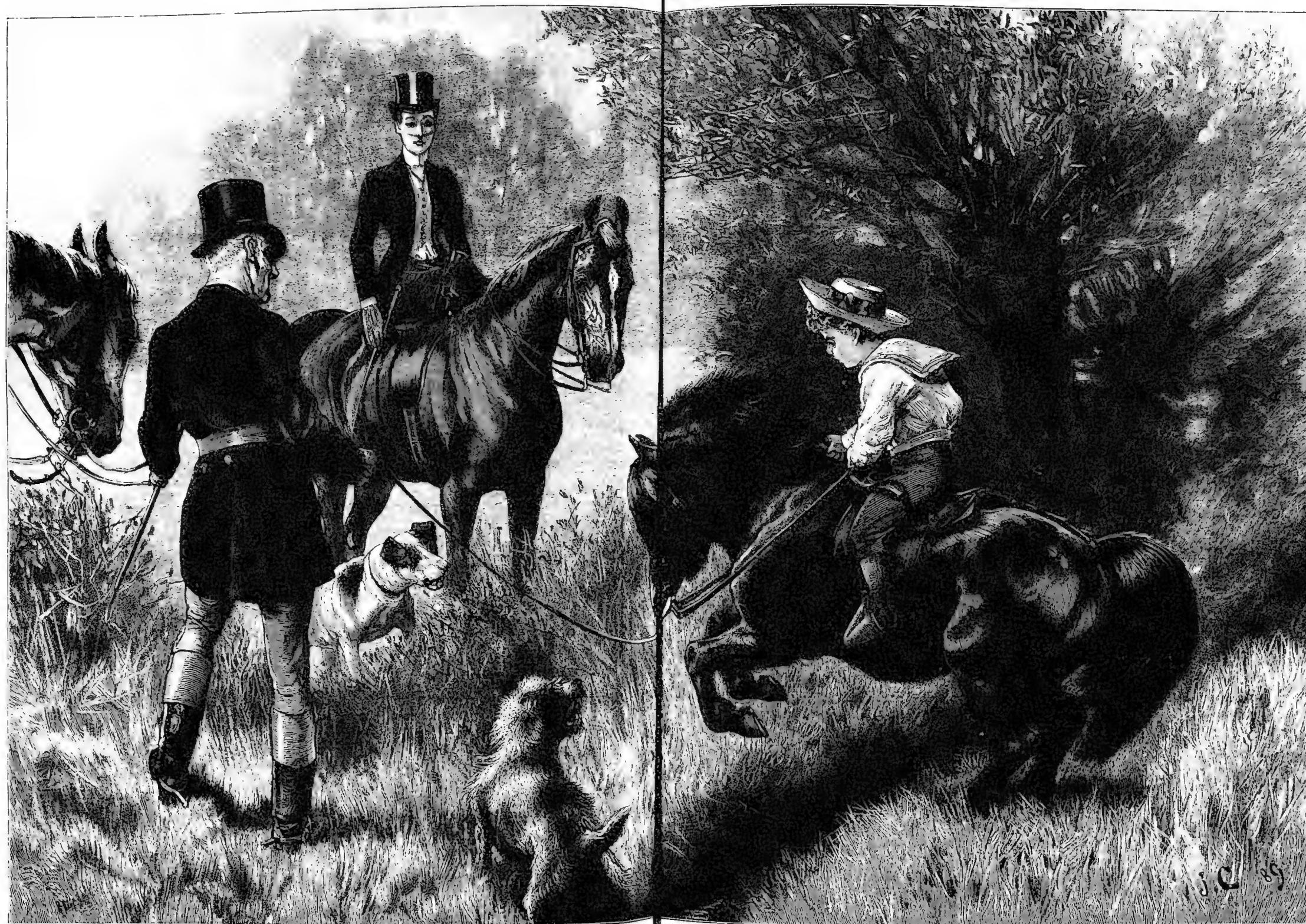
"On the opposite side of the grounds a group of Hindu buildings

May Francis went to Brazil in the autumn of 1887 to stay with her brother who was engineering a railway in the western part of the (then) Empire. She did not meet with many adventures during her six months' stay. Many rides, many thunderstorms, a few *baiés*, or Brazilian balls, and a harmless encounter with a drunken man—these were her chief experiences. But in a pleasant, chatty style her letters afford a capital picture of the country, and of the idle, irreligious, "casual" Brazilians of the country—very different, one must suppose, to the restless spirits of the towns who organised the late Revolution. Her book may tempt other young ladies to follow her example, and go to cheer their brothers' solitude; and if they are prepared, as she was, to "rough it" a little; to clean boots and knives, go without milk in their tea, or do their own dairying; if they are fond of riding, and not afraid of insects (of which Brazil seems to have an endless variety), they will probably enjoy themselves very well.

Mr. Stanley's own story of his latest journey cannot be ready for some months. Mr. Marston has gone to Egypt to confer with him as to its publication, but we know from the traveller himself that only a few chapters are yet written. With the "gumption," moreover, in which the most business-like of explorers has never failed, he bound all his companions over not to publish anything concerning the expedition until a certain period had elapsed since its return. And yet, for all this, three books upon the Emin Pasha Relief Expedition now lie before us. It is scarcely necessary to say that the solid information they convey is practically identical. They are all



GROUP OF ILLUMINATED HINDU BUILDINGS



A HUNTER "IN EMBJO"—HIS FIRST JUMP
DRAWN BY CHARLTON

conditionally entitled to share in the grant." From whatever source the money may be drawn for the further relief which Lord Salisbury has promised to English and Welsh parents, it is safe to conclude that its administration will run on parallel lines to those of the Scotch Department. How these proposals will be received by the voluntarists it is difficult to foretell. Much will depend on the conditions accompanying the proffered boon, but the "advanced" party will probably give it their opposition. They will object to further grants towards the voluntary schools without a stricter local control and representation on the School Committees. There are others, moderate men, anxious as much for the thorough religious as the secular training of the children, who think that the solution would be best effected by the constitution of School Boards (with very precise limitations by statute of their expenditure) over the whole country, and of the transfer to them of all of the schools, while the managers—whether Catholic, Church, or Protestant generally—reserved to themselves the duty and the right of giving the religious instruction each morning and on Sundays, the School Boards also being empowered as now to give undenominational religious instruction to the children of Nonconformist parents. Already there are 2,255 School Boards, having jurisdiction over sixteen millions of the total population (twenty-five millions) in England and Wales. The residuum might be grouped into School Board districts of suitable area and rateable value, and there would then be, as in Scotland, a properly-constituted and freely-elected educational body for every district in the country. With proper safeguards for religious teaching, this would be a simple solution of the difficulty. The Education Department, instead of corresponding with more than thirty thousand separate school committees, would deal with some three thousand School Boards; the annual grants could be paid *en bloc* for each School Board district, and the great simplification which Lord Lingen advocates might thus be brought about. The schools, if brought under School Boards, would not be starved in staff or educational appliances, the premises would be kept in good repair, and yet the various denominations would have preserved the particular religious teaching they desire, while a great burden of anxiety, so often pressing on the rector or the minister, would be lifted from him. It is

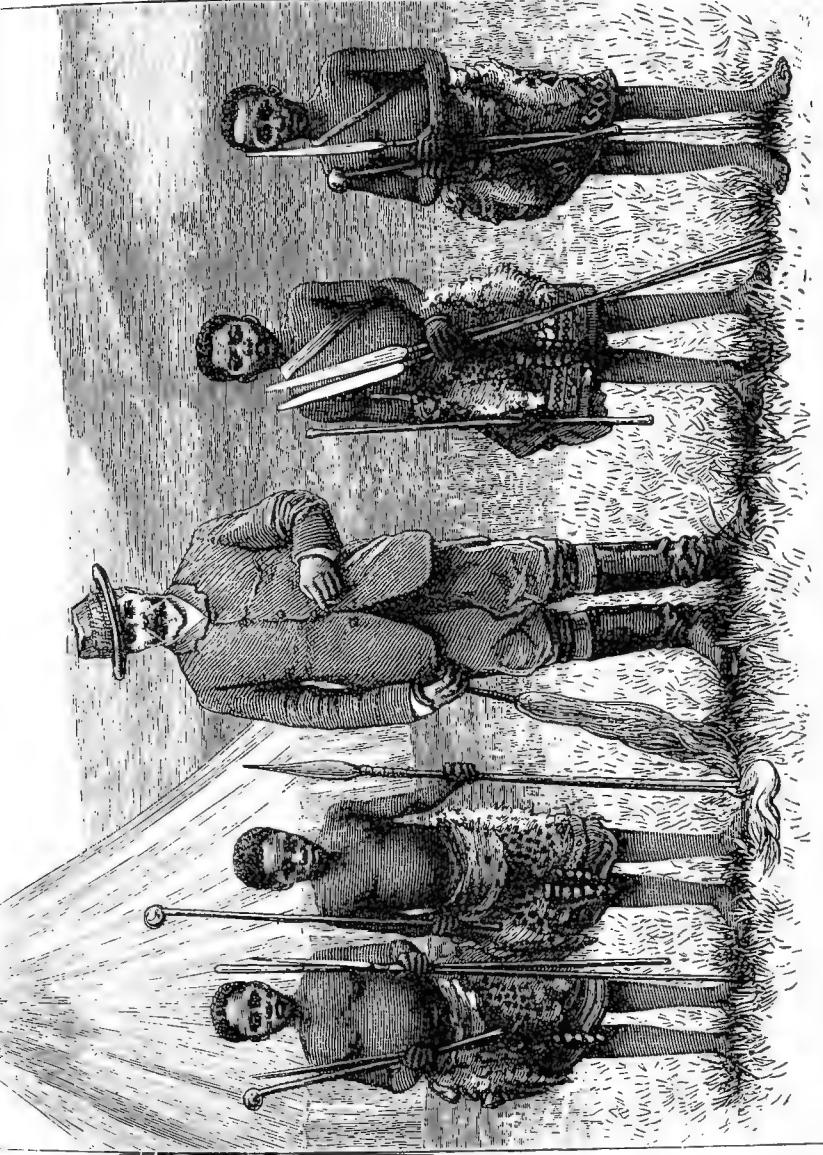
astonishing that the prejudice against the School Boards, at any rate on the score of religious teaching, should still exist. Some of them have laid themselves open to the charge of extravagance, but irreligious or atheistic they are not. On the whole, they are a faithful reflection of the feelings and aspirations of their countrymen and their constituents, and the great body of Englishmen still desire that their children shall be instructed in religion and piety. The general testimony of persons who know what is done in Manchester Board Schools coincides with that of the late Bishop of Manchester, who, speaking of the work done in that great town, said, "the programme of religious instruction in the Manchester Board Schools left little or nothing to be desired."

Whatever may be the solution, there appears but little ground for apprehension on the score of religious instruction, which has never been so well and carefully given as it is now. The immediate problem before the Chancellor of the Exchequer is how to find some proportion—if it is to be the same as is provided for Scotland, it will be *two-thirds*—of the £1,800,000, which at present are paid by the parents themselves in school-fees for their children.

In these articles we have been content to set forth our present educational condition, to show how it has come about, and to state without partisanship the immediate problem. It is earnestly to be hoped that it may be approached in a spirit free from sectarian bias, and settled on broad and statesmanlike grounds.

One most weighty and important consideration may fully conclude this article. Undoubtedly the School Board rate has pressed severely on us, especially in London and the large towns; but there are already two very good reasons why we should be liberal in this matter of education. First, a large decrease in the number of juvenile criminals is apparent; thus our prison expenditure is less, if our educational outlay is greater. Surely here is a matter for rejoicing. Secondly, instruction, and of a most superior kind, too—technical and scientific, as well as elementary—is universally, and almost gratuitously, provided on the Continent. Is the manufacturing supremacy of Great Britain to be taken from us? If not, our artisans—our workers in metal, in bronze, in textile goods—must be as well educated as their rivals and competitors abroad.

H. J. G.



MR. THEOPHILUS SHEPSTONE, C.M.G., RESIDENT ADVISER AND AGENT TO THE SWAZI NATION, AND HIS NATIVE BOYS

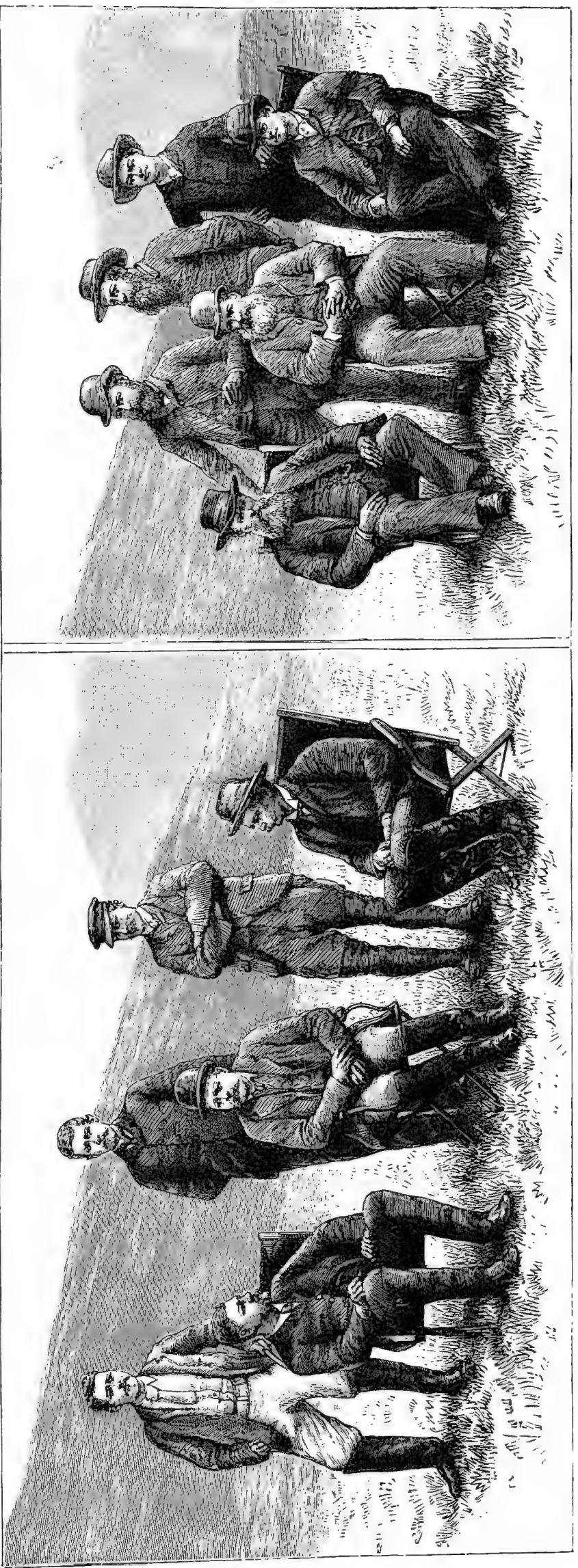
Mr. F. Howard

Mr. G. Jackson

Captain Baden Powell

Mr. Van Apelien, Postmaster-General
South African Republic

Mr. G. Bohlmann



Colonel R. E. R. Martin, C.M.G.

Colonel Sir Francis De Winton, C.B.

MEMBERS OF THE BRITISH COMMISSION

Mr. Advocate Schreiner

General Smit, Vice-President
South African Republic

COMMANDANT GENERAL JOUBERT

Dr. Krause

MEMBERS OF THE TRANSVAAL COMMISSION

THE BRITISH AND TRANSVAAL COMMISSION IN SWAZILAND, SOUTH AFRICA



FRANCE has been roused effectually from her recent calm by the proceedings of the Duc d'Orléans. However futile and ill-judged his enterprise may be, it has embarrassed the Government seriously, and kindled afresh the flagging zeal for the Royalist cause. The Duc himself declares that he has no idea of posing as a Pretender, but his youth and adventurous spirit give him just the attraction and popularity which other pretenders lack. Moreover, he is free from the Boulanger alliance, which has so damaged the Comte de Paris in the eyes of many influential supporters. It is asserted confidently that the Duc acted on his own responsibility, his father being on his way to Porto Rico and his mother consoling her widowed parent in Spain, but it seems a little doubtful whether his shrewd sayings and doings are not prompted by more experienced politicians in the background. Possibly his arrest—which is described in another column—might have resulted simply in the Prince being promptly sent over the frontier. But the counsels of the Orleanist barrister, M. Bocher, to delay the trial, and the comment and the admiration stirred up by the Young Orleanist party, forced the Government to take grave notice of the affair, so that the trial of the Duc on Wednesday reached the importance of a State cause. Defended not only by a Royalist barrister, Maître Rousse, but by the Republican Maître Cresson, as head of the Order of Advocates, the Duc pleaded his cause both on the score of patriotism and on the technical plea that the clause of the Law of Exile forbidding the Princes to serve in the Army is abrogated by the new military law passed last July, which obliges every Frenchman, whether born abroad or at home, to register himself for the conscription. The Government behaved very leniently to the Prince from the time of his arrest, permitting him to see his family and friends, and taking no notice of the demonstration caused by enthusiastic supporters sending flowers and presents, and passing the Conciergerie constantly to express their sympathy. Indeed, a drive past the prison has been quite the fashionable promenade. Nevertheless, the Cabinet spoke out plainly in the Chamber, when M. Cazenove de Pradines petitioned them to repeal the Law of Exile. It was not at a time when a law had been audaciously broken that its repeal could be entertained, replied M. Thévenet, and the matter ended in a large Government vote. This absorbing topic has put all else in the background, even the question of the large Supplementary Credits required chiefly for army and naval use, which caused much excitement. The Ministry have been affirming the union of the Cabinet, and its devotion to economic and social problems, especially the adjustment of the Customs tariff. M. Challemel-Lacour, in an important speech at Marseilles, echoed their pacific sentiments, while pointing out that the French army must always be strong enough to maintain the promised peace. The case of the Copper Syndicate has reached the end of the first investigation after over nine months' delay. The four chief administrators of the Comptoir d'Escompte and the Société des Métaux are to be prosecuted for declaring fictitious dividends.

The situation in PORTUGAL continues very strained. The Government preserve absolute silence respecting the negotiations with England, and the Portuguese public have gone wild with enthusiasm over national defence and naval and military preparations. Immense sums are being subscribed to the defence fund—the Royal Family alone gave 20,000/-—and fortifications and armaments are to be increased in every direction. All these militant preparations heighten the general animus against the English, especially among the students in Lisbon and Oporto, who indulge constantly in noisy anti-British demonstrations, and even broke the windows of an Oporto club because the English members had not been expelled. Correspondents of British newspapers who venture to express their opinions are either obliged to leave the country or are abused most virulently, while the students are especially furious with the British Consul at Oporto for recommending them in a letter not to insult ladies, but only men, who were able to answer their threats. The students declare that no ladies have complained of insult, but the fact is that English residents have taken the affronts quietly, aware that it is useless to complain to the Portuguese authorities. Such treatment is only on a par with the unbridled tone of the Press, which can hardly find sufficiently coarse language to revile England and the English. However, the Government attempt to quell the public demonstrations, and on Tuesday prevented the Lisbon people from carrying out the anti-British manifestations they had arranged for the anniversary of Lord Salisbury's *ultimatum*. Police and troops filled the streets, shops and theatres were shut, and all persons who attempted to speechify were arrested. Major Serpa Pinto is now at Delagoa Bay.

The projects of Emperor William for labour reform have created a perfect sensation throughout GERMANY. Whether or no the Imperial plans prove feasible, they have raised the Sovereign to the height of popularity as the "Emperor of the Working Classes," or the "Beggars' Emperor." Although His Majesty had dwelt much on the industrial question lately, the two Imperial Rescripts were most unexpected. The first decree explains the Emperor's anxiety to improve the condition of German workmen, and, pointing out the difficulty of competing with other nations under the present circumstances, desires that the German representatives in France, England, Belgium, and Switzerland shall ascertain whether those Governments are willing to negotiate for an international understanding on the labour question. If the answer is satisfactory Prince Bismarck is to convene a Conference of all Governments interested in the subject. The second Rescript announces that the Emperor will preside over special meetings of the State Council to hear evidence, given by experts who are themselves working-men. Neither of these documents being counter-signed by Prince Bismarck, contrary to the custom of Imperial decrees, it was at once asserted that the Chancellor disapproved the Emperor's policy. But while, undoubtedly, Emperor William and the Prince agree to differ on certain points, the Emperor now pays extra attention to his Chancellor, as if to contradict all rumours of dissension. There seems more truth in the suspicion that the Rescripts were published suddenly at this juncture with the view of influencing the elections. Certainly the Imperial scheme deprives the Socialists of some of their most telling arguments, although their journals declare that their strength has forced the Emperor to meet them half-way. Switzerland had already sent out her invitations for a Labour Conference, but has now agreed with Germany to merge the two into one, recognising that Germany as a first-class Power was far more likely to command attention than the Swiss Republic. The Emperor has invited the British Channel Squadron to witness the forthcoming naval manoeuvres in the Baltic, and, meanwhile, the British and German Fleets have been exchanging compliments at Malta. Major Liebert, with a German contingent, has gone to Zanzibar to join Major Wissmann, and to take his place if the Major's health should require a change.

BULGARIA is seriously agitated by the plot to overthrow Prince Ferdinand, which proves much more important than at first appeared. Russian intrigues and M. Zankoff are at the root of the

THE GRAPHIC

conspiracy, and Major Paniza seems to have been a mere tool, who was to be quietly put out of the way as soon as he had served the plotters' purpose. The conspiracy was wide-spread, extending to many prominent officers and police officials. Arrangements had been made to kidnap Prince Ferdinand, M. Stambouloff, and the Colonel Mukuroff, the War Minister, and send them across the frontier by special train, which was already waiting when Major Paniza and his accomplices were arrested. The Major wished to restore Prince Alexander of Battenberg, to whom he has always been devoted; but the other conspirators had in view a candidate more acceptable to Russia. Major Paniza and his fellow-accused will be tried in a few days.

IN INDIA the condition of the Chin-Lushai Expedition excites much concern. The health of the troops is miserable, while the difficulties of transport and road-making increase with the advance. Happily the natives grow more friendly, impressed especially by the British genius in making a road through their territory, which was hitherto deemed impenetrable. The annual meeting of the Lady Dufferin Fund has been held amid much enthusiasm, the work showing considerable extension during the year. Prince Albert in Victor has been entertained most gorgeously while shooting in Kaparhala and Puttiala, and reached Delhi on Sunday.

Once more the chief news from the UNITED STATES relates to disasters. Terrible floods have occurred on the Willamette River in Oregon, swamping the valleys with their live stock and destroying railway and telegraph communication. The town of Wheatland was nearly overwhelmed, and Portland was so inundated that the inhabitants went about in boats, and business was suspended. Avalanches in Idaho have caused much loss of life, though the mining centre, Burke, escaped just before half the town was engulfed. To mention a fatal fire during a Polish christening at Marshwood, Pennsylvania; a railway train falling through a bridge on the Columbia River, and entailing the death of ten men; a skating accident at Kingston, New York State, four children perishing, with the parents who rushed to their rescue; and the murder of a young man by his companion outside a Chicago theatre, does not exhaust the list of horrors. The obstruction conflict in the House of Representatives is suspended for the present, while the House discusses the new code of rules proposed by the Republicans. Idaho has been admitted into the Union, forming the forty-third State.

The Conference on Australian Federation is sitting at Melbourne under the Presidency of Mr. Duncan Gillies, Premier of VICTORIA. Six colonies send two representatives, and Western Australia contributes one delegate, while the representative of the Fiji Archipelago is prevented from attending. So far, it appears that New South Wales, under the lead of Sir Henry Parkes, stands almost alone in desiring immediate complete Federation, while the other colonies share Mr. Gillies' views in favour of a present Federation for defence, the complete scheme to be deferred to a more convenient season. As Mr. Service pointed out at the banquet given by Mr. Gillies in honour of the Governor of Victoria and the delegates to the Conference, the question of a uniform tariff is the chief obstacle in the way of union. Sir H. Parkes declared in reply, however, that this difficulty was a mere trifle compared to the question of national existence. Subordinate disputes should be sunk, and New South Wales, for her part, was ready to enter the National Union without making any bargain whatever, but trusting to the justice of a Federal Parliament. The difficulties of union would only increase with delay. Federation implied no separation from the British Empire, nor the creation of a distinct political organisation, but the people of Australia had made up their minds to unite, and no hand on earth could keep them asunder. The New South Wales Premier repeated these arguments in the Conference when he brought forward a formal motion for Federation. This proposal declares that the seven years which have elapsed since the Federal Council was established "have developed the national life of Australasia in population, wealth, discovery, resources, and self-governing capacity to an extent which justifies the higher act, at all times contemplated, of the union of the colonies under one Legislative and Executive Government, on principles just to the several Colonies." Mr. Deakin, of Victoria, seconded the motion, which was warmly supported by Sir S. Griffith, of Queensland.

MISCELLANEOUS.—In SPAIN the Duke of Montpensier has been buried in the Escorial with much ceremony. Curiously enough, his body is the first to rest in the new Pantheon of the Infantes, which the Duke himself persuaded the late King Alfonso to build at great cost.—HUNGARY wishes to separate herself industrially from Austria, and a Bill before the Diet provides for important exemptions and privileges for all foreign manufacturers who can introduce fresh industries, or establish large factories to instruct native artisans in branches of trade monopolised by Austria.—The important administrative reforms in RUSSIA, planned by the late Count Tolstoi, came into force on Thursday.—In SOUTH AFRICA the Zulu chiefs, Dinizulu, Undabako, and Tshingsan, who revolted against British rule last year, have been shipped off to St. Helena.



THE QUEEN held a Council at Osborne on Saturday. Viscount Cranbrook, the Lord Chancellor, Lord Arthur Hill, and Sir J. Fergusson were present, and Sir J. Lubbock and Sir J. Gorst were sworn in as members of the Council. Her Majesty afterwards signing the Royal Speech for the opening of Parliament. Later the Queen gave audience to Lord Cranbrook, and created Mr. C. L. Peel, Clerk of the Council, a Knight Commander of the Order of the Bath. Her Majesty also knighted Messrs. Rayton Dixon, Robert Harding, and Thomas Sowler. Next morning the Queen and Princess Beatrice attended Divine Service at Osborne, where Canon Edgar Jacob officiated. Monday was the fiftieth anniversary of Her Majesty's marriage, when, according to custom, the Prince Consort's memory was drunk at dinner in silence. Prince Henry of Battenberg arrived in the afternoon from his three months' yachting and shooting tour in the Mediterranean and the Greek Isles. The Queen and Princess Beatrice have deferred their return to Windsor until Tuesday or Thursday next. They will remain at the Castle until the end of March. Her Majesty coming to town for a few days to hold the first Drawing Room of the season, and about April 1st they are expected at Aix-les-Bains. The Royal party will again occupy the two villas attached to the Hotel de l'Europe, where they stayed during the previous Royal visits in 1885 and 1887.

The Prince and Princess of Wales, with their two daughters, came up to town on Monday from Sandringham. Prince George preceded his family to Marlborough House on Saturday, on his way to Portsmouth to join the *Excellent* for gunnery practice, and took up his duties as Lieutenant on board on Monday. Before leaving Sandringham, the Prince and Princess and daughters attended Divine Service on Sunday morning at St. Mary Magdalene's, where the Rev. F. Hervey officiated, and later Prince Waldemar of Denmark

arrived. On reaching town next day, the Prince and Princess, with Prince Waldemar, went to the Haymarket Theatre, and on Tuesday the Prince of Wales attended the opening debate in the House of Lords. The Duke and Duchess of Fife also lunched with the Royal party, and in the evening the Prince and Princess went to Mr. J. L. Toole's farewell performance. When visiting Edinburgh to open the Forth Bridge on March 4th, the Prince will stay with Lord Rosebery, at Dalmeny Park. He is expected at Berlin by the 22nd prox., for the Chapter of the Order of the Black Eagle.

Princess Louise was at Terry's Theatre on Saturday night. She goes to Rome next week.—The Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh continue at St. Petersburg, sharing in the Court festivities. Last week they witnessed some private theatricals at the Hermitage, where members of the Imperial Family took part in one of Pushkin's dramas, the costumes being most beautiful and historically accurate.—The Duchess of Connaught has been laid up at Poona with severe inflammation of the foot, accompanied by fever, but is now well again.



CRYSTAL PALACE CONCERTS.—The famous Saturday Concerts at the Crystal Palace, which had been suspended since mid-December, were resumed on Saturday last. As is usual at the first concert of the spring season, the programme contained only one novelty, an overture entitled "To the Memory of a Hero," by Mr. C. H. Couldry, a young composer who had previously contributed a promising overture to these concerts. The name of the hero to whom Mr. Couldry now refers was not stated, but it is believed to be General Gordon, a theory to which the alternations of the warlike and the mournful elements seem to give some weight. Mr. Couldry's overture apparently has a programme or story which was not disclosed, but as abstract music it is a very fair specimen of workmanship, although it can hardly be said that the thematic material is particularly interesting, the principal subject of the allegro indeed being hardly of sufficient importance for such surroundings. The Crystal Palace Orchestra gave a magnificent performance of Gluck's *Iphigenie en Aulide* overture, with Wagner's concert ending, and of Beethoven's symphony in B flat. On the other hand they were obviously out of sympathy with Liszt's *Totentanz*, an extraordinary and even extravagant composition which has hitherto been performed in England only by Mr. Fritz Hartwigson, but which Herr Stavenhagen now insisted upon playing in place of Weber's *Concertstück*. For their perfunctory performance of the *Totentanz* the Crystal Palace Orchestra may readily be excused, although it is only fair to say that the enormously difficult pianoforte part was played with the greatest ease by Liszt's talented pupil. Herr Stavenhagen was likewise heard in his master's twelfth *Hungarian Rhapsody*, and the minuet from Schubert's sonata in G, both of which he recently performed at the Popular Concerts. The vocalist was Madame Hope Glenn, who sang songs by Handel, Schumann, and Ries.

THE MANCHESTER ORCHESTRA.—Sir Charles Hallé, on Friday last, directed the fourth and last concert given this season by his Manchester Orchestra. The audience was larger than usual, but hardly, it is feared, sufficient to make the enterprise pay its way. It is therefore unlikely that this famous organisation will soon again visit the metropolis. More's the pity, as in the winter orchestral concerts in London are so few that we can ill afford to spare any of them. Sir Charles Hallé's programme on Friday was familiar enough. Its most successful feature was the *Eroica* symphony, of which an excellent performance was given, besides Bach's concerto in D minor for two violins, performed by Lady Hallé and Herr Willy Hess, and Greig's *Peer Gynt* suite, the movement entitled "In the Halls of the Mountain King" being encored and repeated. On the other hand the *Siegfried Idyll* went rather tamely, and it is obvious that Sir Charles Hallé is less at home in Wagner than in the music of the older composers.

LONDON SYMPHONY CONCERTS.—The attendance at the London Symphony Concerts has of late so considerably increased, that Mr. Henschel has resolved to try a fresh series next winter without the assistance of a guarantee fund, but relying mainly upon the subscription. At the concert on Thursday last St. James's Hall was practically filled. The attraction doubtless lay in the fact that the programme, save as to the *Eroica* Symphony, was devoted entirely to the works of Wagner, which are now enjoying a spell of undoubted popularity. Mr. Henschel may of course not possess the extraordinary faculty of presenting Wagner's intricate works with the clearness which is a characteristic of the Richter Concerts; yet the performance, on the whole, was quite an average one, and, at the conclusion of a more than usually excellent rendering of the *Träume*, Mr. Henschel was complimented by a double recall. The scheme likewise included the *Meistersinger* and *Parsifal* preludes, and the introduction and closing scene from *Tristan*.

POPULAR CONCERTS.—Lady Hallé on Monday made her last appearance at these concerts prior to her departure for Australia. This gifted lady, who had a more than usually warm reception, led Spohr's Quartet in A, Op. 93, now one of the last surviving favourites among the master's once popular quartets, and took part with her husband in three of the Heller and Ernst *Pensées Fugitives*. Both on Monday and on Saturday the programme included Brahms's beautiful Trio in E flat, Op. 40, for pianoforte, violin, and violoncello, which, although frequently heard elsewhere in London, had not before been performed at the Popular Concerts. It will be recollected that in this trio the first movement is practically an andante, twice broken by a more animated section, and intended—according to Brahms's biographer, Deiters—to show the contrast between the meditative, dreamy mood, and a more lively strain which strives to chase away the reverie. Although unusual, the device is not new, as it had already been anticipated—if only by Beethoven in his rarely-performed Sonata in F, Op. 54. No better performance of the trio than that given by Sir Charles and Lady Hallé and M. Paersch could very well be desired.

CONCERTS, VARIOUS.—Mdlle. Douste de Fortis, on Tuesday, announced a concert of English pianoforte music, including Mr. Cusins's pianoforte trio, and a movement from his pianoforte concerto, Op. 9, a larghetto and allegretto for violoncello and piano by Dr. Mackenzie, Professor Stanford's pianoforte quintet in D minor, which was so greatly admired on its production at the Popular Concerts in 1887, and several pianoforte pieces by various composers.—A Chamber Concert was given last week by the students of the Royal College of Music. Mendelssohn's quartet in E flat, Op. 12, was performed in very excellent fashion by Messrs. Donkersley and Ellsner, Messrs. Hobday and Werge. An even still greater test was afforded by Brahms's quintet in F, which was played by Messrs. Blagrove, Stephenson, Hobday, Kearne, and Werge.—Haydn's *Creation* was performed at the People's Palace, Mile End, on Saturday, under the direction of Mr. Randegger.—On the same evening a concert, in which the Finsbury Musical Union took part, was given at the Birkbeck in aid of the Seaside Convalescent Home.—The Royal Amateur Orchestra also gave a concert on Saturday, the programme including three movements from Beethoven's *Pastoral* Symphony and Weber's *Concert*

stick, played by Mr. Rummel.—At the Ballad Concert on Wednesday the programme was announced to include a large number of favourite songs, besides two new ballads, that is to say, Miss Hope Temple's "Twas surely Fate," and Mr. Molloy's "Sea Bells."—Concerts have also been given by Mr. McLeod Ramsay, a promising young baritone, by Miss Geisler-Schubert and Miss Fillunger, whose programme was largely devoted to the works of Schubert, and Miss Geisler's grand uncle, and by Miss Marian Bateman and others.

NOTES AND NEWS.—It has been decided that Mendelssohn's *Saint Paul* shall this year (on Saturday, June 21) be performed on a Handel Festival scale at the Crystal Palace by a choir of 3,000 adults and 500 boys under the conductorship of Mr. Manns. Mr. Lloyd has already accepted, and Mesdames Albani and Patey have been offered engagements.—The London Wagner Society, which started in 1884 with only fifty-two members, now numbers a membership of 309.—Dr. Joachim will, on the 22nd prox., conduct an orchestral concert at St. James's Hall in aid of the Beethoven Haus Fund; the programme will include the master's violin concerto and *Fidelio* symphony.—M. Ambroise Thomas, who has been suffering from an attack of influenza for some weeks, has now recovered, and has gone for a holiday to his estate at Hyères until the spring.—The death is announced of Mr. Arthur Byron, once a favourite English concert singer.

SKETCHES AT THE LONDON SCHOOL BOARD

ONE'S first impression on entering the Board Room is that it is small, but there are only about fifty-six members, and there is plenty of room for them. Still, it is a burning question of the hour whether more spacious quarters, not for members only, but for clerks, should not be built—with a grill room. From an artist's point of view, it would be picturesque to see the cook come in in white cap and consult the chairman as to whether he would have tomatoes with his chop; but Colonel Prendergast vehemently protests that a "Parliament House" or a "Rotunda" is not necessary for the work. Since Mr. Lobb has put such sensational dramas upon the boards, a great number of newspapers have sent their representatives to watch and report proceedings, and the accommodation for them is not nearly sufficient. So far from it that (as Mr. Lobb pathetically puts it) "the Press don't know where to put their tall hats." Mr. Lobb himself is responsible for this, for he has elected to play the deep tragedian, and never fails to flourish the proofs of some damning scandal in the face of the Board and of Mr. Helby, who has lately suffered martyrdom for the cause at the hands of a jury. When present as a spectator, Mr. Bailey, the new Architect of the Board, sits on the left of the Vice-Chairman at the high table, and seems to count the heads of his fifty-six masters and mistresses, and reflect that his lot has not fallen in altogether pleasant places. Professor Gladstone, Vice-Chairman, who is a Socialist of the humanitarian type, over and above the constant discharge of his duties, shows his love for suffering humanity by consulting the thermometer in the room, for the atmosphere is much heated both by Mr. Lobb and the hot-water pipes. Woe to the unlucky artist who, being placed in a coign of vantage, puts his "tall hat" on the hot-water pipes, and finds it a "crush hat!" Alas for him also that most members of the Board are peripatetic philosophers, and seem to think that each question before them is a *solutur ambulando* question! Mrs. Besant is not one of them, she takes her place and keeps it, but when she takes it do not be in the way, for her advance to it is stern and unswerving like that of a steam-roller.

On the bench beneath her sits the Hon. Lyulph Stanley, a very active member, always on his legs. For once he is in a reverie, gazing with his mind's eye at Free Education advancing irresistibly as an express train, "with a cow-catcher for the clergy who might happen to impede it."

The clergy don't all impede it. Mr. Kitson, for instance, though "elected in the clerical interest, declares for it," for the reason that he himself was educated free, having obtained a scholarship, it is to be supposed, at the University. Mr. Kitson is astonished that the Rev. J. J. Coxhead should vote against it; and Mr. J. Wilson Sharp, more clerical than the clericals, is of opinion that if Mr. Kitson had stated his opinions to his electors he would never have been elected at all.

Through all this and other debates Miss Davenport Hill keeps silence, on principle, or because she alone never takes off her "tall hat," and therefore, according to the rules of the House of Commons, never speaks. The two other lady members, Mrs. Maitland and Mrs. Ashton Dilke, spoke and voted for Free Education.

All of them, and many of the gentlemen, vanish for a time about 5 p.m. Tea is provided on the premises, though at present there is no grill-room.

Just below Miss Hill sits Mr. Lucraft, the oldest member of the



SIR PHILIP MAGNUS
The Newest Member

Board. His style of speaking smacks of the manner of the Old School, and he turns to speak, not to the Press, but to the members, as he says.

Behind Mr. Helby, and close to the seat of the Accountant of the Board, is Sir Richard Temple, whose Budget speech is a plain statement of financial fact, without oratorical ornament.

There are many important members absent from our illustration, strong forces in the battle of opinion which is fought at the School Board.

And the battle is a well-fought one, regulated very ably and very genially, and brought to as quick an issue as possible by the Rev. Joseph Diggle, than whom a more efficient Chairman, it is allowed, never presided at the Board.



THE SEE OF DURHAM, it is an open secret, has been declined by the Bishop of Ripon. "We" (the *Record*) "have the Dean of Windsor's authority for saying that the statement connecting his name with the vacant See is not authentic. The personal relations between the Deans of Windsor and the Sovereign, make their removal to any other post an extremely unusual event." Dr. Butler, Master of Trinity College, Cambridge, contradicts that the See has been offered to him.

THE FOREIGN MISSIONS COMMITTEE OF THE FREE CHURCH OF SCOTLAND, which has laboured so long and so successfully for the civilisation and Christianisation of the native races of Zambesia, has sent "a hearty expression of thanks to Her Majesty's Government, and more particularly to the Marquis of Salisbury, for their righteous action in protecting Christian Missions against the aggression of Portugal."

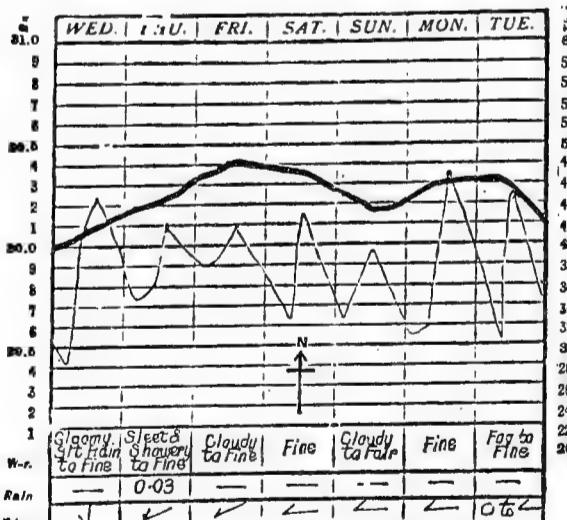
THE ARCHDEACON OF MIDDLESEX, DR. HESSEY, pleads for financial aid to increase the staff of lady visitors employed by a Society which the daughters of the late Bishop of London founded, and the object of which is to enlist sympathy with the troubles of poor ladies, and to discover, with womanly tact and gentleness, cases requiring alms and the presence of the clergy. Donations and subscriptions will be gratefully acknowledged by Miss Lucy E. Jackson, 21, Grosvenor Road, S.W.; by Lady Adeliza Manners, 7, West Eaton Place, S.W.; and by the Archdeacon himself, 41, Leinster Gardens, Hyde Park, W.

THE MARQUIS OF RIPON, in a speech at Nottingham, reported by the *Tablet*, contrasted the former exclusion of English Roman Catholics from high office with the more liberal system of the present day. He himself happened to be the first Roman Catholic who had been called to the Cabinet for many, many years. The liberality of sentiment which placed him in that position was not, however, any exclusive possession of the party to which he belonged, because, when he ceased to be a Cabinet Minister on the last occasion, in the next Government, that of Lord Salisbury, another Catholic was placed in the Cabinet in the person of Mr. Matthews, the Home Secretary.

MISCELLANEOUS.—Sir W. Phillimore had not concluded on Friday, last week, his argument in defence of the Bishop of Lincoln, and the proceedings were adjourned to Thursday, this week.—Archdeacon Farrar, preaching at St. Margaret's on Sunday, said that he feared more for the corruption of the Church from within, than from the sceptic from without.—On Sunday evenings during Lent special services will be held in the choir of Westminster Abbey, at 7 p.m., commencing on the last Sunday of the present month.—In consequence of Dean Vaughan's serious indisposition, the special services in the Temple Church on Wednesday evenings in Lent will be abandoned this year.—Mr. Macan, the Reader in Ancient History at Oxford, was, according to the Oxford correspondent of the *Nonconformist*, "formerly a student of Christ Church, but had to leave the foundation owing to a heretical book on 'The Resurrection' which he published, and which has long since been out of print or withdrawn from circulation."

WEATHER CHART

FOR THE WEEK ENDING TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 11, 1890.



EXPLANATION.—The thick line shows the variations in the height of the barometer during the week ending Tuesday midnight (11th inst.). The fine line shows the shade temperature for the same interval, and gives the maximum and minimum readings for each day, with the (approximate) time at which they occurred. The information is furnished to us by the Meteorological Office.

REMARKS.—Taken as a whole the weather of this period was fine, dry, and cool generally. During the major part of the time the distribution of pressure over our Islands was anticyclonic, the area of highest readings moving from the West of Ireland in an East-North-East direction to the Southern portion of Scandinavia. Westerly breezes consequently were chiefly felt over the Northern parts of the United Kingdom, while cold Easterly winds prevailed in the South; along the South Coast of England and in the Channel the wind blew freshly for some time, with rather rough seas. As the anticyclone moved away Eastwards towards the close of the time the barometer fell slowly, and a large system of low pressure was apparently situated outside our South-West and West Coasts. The winds now shifted to the South-East and South in most parts of the country, and blew with some strength at the Mouth of the Channel, and along our West and North Coasts. The sky was frequently dull or cloudy locally, with mist and rain, but taken as a whole it was clear and bright generally. Very little rain fog, but taken as a whole it was clear and bright generally. Very little rain was measured anywhere. Temperature did not differ much from the average, but fell over the greater part of the United Kingdom during the day-time, but fell below it in most places by night. Maxima ranged from 45° to 50° on most days, below it in most places by night. Minima but did not exceed 40° at some Inland Stations on one or two occasions. Minima fell below the freezing point over the Inland parts of the United Kingdom almost daily, the lowest readings showing about 10° of frost.

The barometer was highest (30.42 inches) on Friday (7th inst.); lowest (29.07 inches) on Wednesday (5th inst.); range 0.35 inch.

The temperature was highest (47°) on Monday (10th inst.); lowest (29°) on Wednesday (5th inst.); range 18°.

Rain fell on one day (0.03 inch) on Thursday (6th inst.).



A "ROOF-WALKING GENTLEMAN" is the polite name for a burglar in China.

THE RUSKIN MUSEUM AT SHEFFIELD will be opened, in its new quarters, by the Earl of Carlisle about the middle of April.

THE BEES IN BEDFORDSHIRE have been quite deceived by the mild winter. One colony at Tempsford actually swarmed last week, and were hived in good condition.

A BRITISH PASTEL SOCIETY has been formed, owing to the success of the two recent Pastel Exhibitions in London. Sir Coutts Lindsay is the President, and the Exhibitions will take place at the Grosvenor Gallery.

DAUGHTERS IN CHINA are not welcome additions to the family, and a Chinaman in the employment of an English firm thus writes apologetically to his foreign superior official:—"My second daughter has born about ten days ago, it is nothing to be boast of, as Chinese customs they are general like boy than girl, but I have no slightest objections of it."

BROCKWELL PARK, HERNE HILL, has been secured as another pleasure-ground for South Londoners, after over three years' efforts. Parliamentary sanction of the scheme has yet to be given, but is virtually certain, now that the necessary funds are provided—amounting to over £12,000. The County Council, the Charity and Ecclesiastical Commissioners, three local Vestries, and numerous private donors have subscribed the money. Brockwell Park covers about seventy-eight acres.

THE ST. GILES'S CHRISTIAN MISSION TO DISCHARGED PRISONERS, which for many years has been doing an admirable work, is, we regret to say, in a very critical condition. Unless £1,500 is subscribed within a few weeks some part of the work will have to be given up. Donations may be sent to the Treasurer, Mr. F. A. Bevan, 54, Lombard Street; to the Secretary, Mr. W. Wheatley, 29, Brooke Street, Holborn; or, to the Superintendent, Mr. George Hatton, 4, Ampton Street, Regent Square, W.C.

ICEBERGS IN THE ATLANTIC are very large and numerous just now. Most of the ocean-liners arriving at American ports report encountering the bergs much further south than usual, while many have passed through extensive ice-fields. The French mail boat, *La Normandie*, had some difficulty in working out of an ice-pack, and was obliged to run forty miles south to find clear water. The *State of Nevada* sailed southwards along the edge of an ice-field for twelve hours, and an English steamer coming from Philadelphia met with such severe storms in the ice-region that she was obliged to put into Halifax for fresh coal.

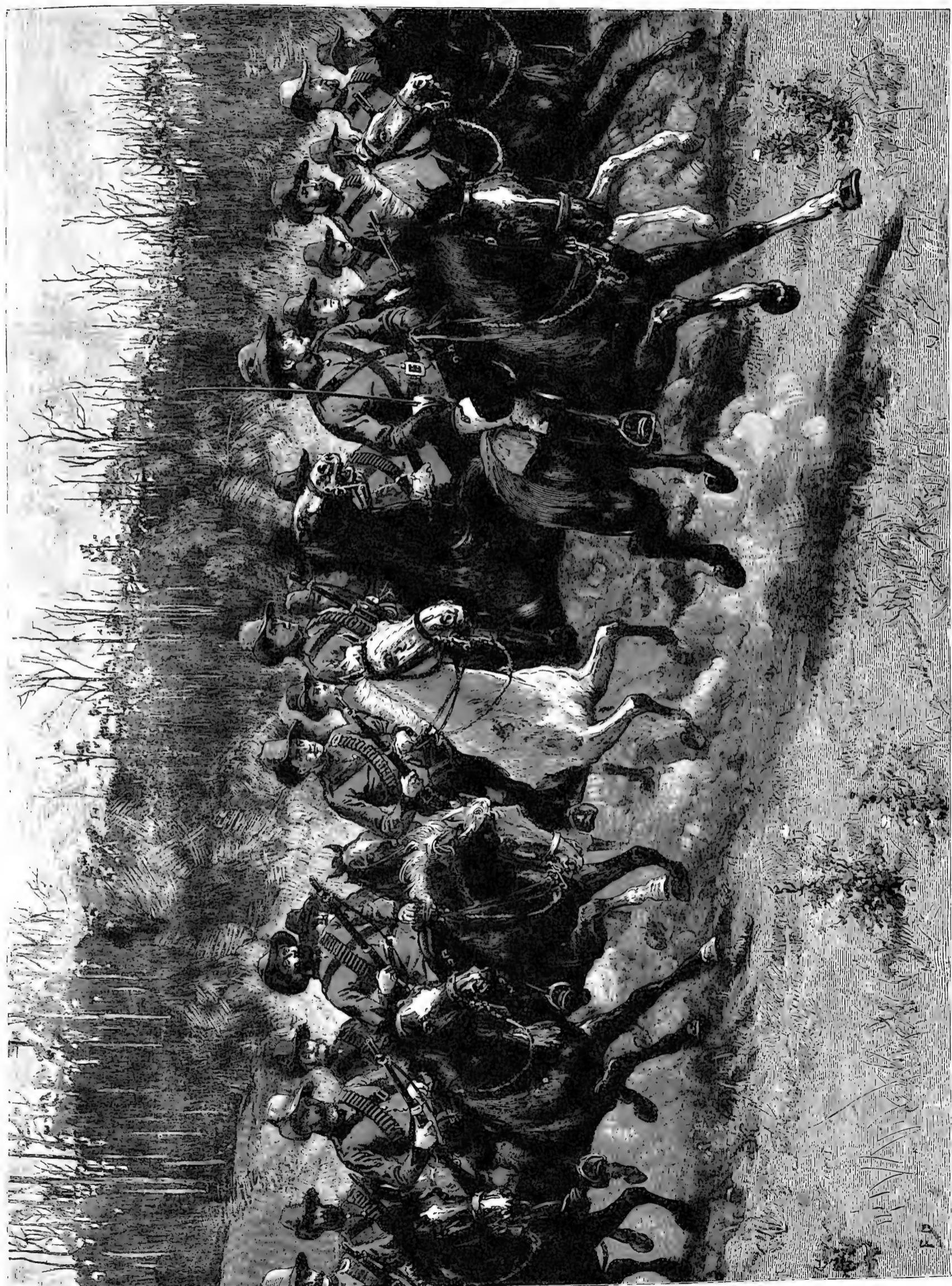
A PATRIOTIC INTEREST attaches to the attempt which is being made to introduce the wine of the Duchy of Bronté, in Sicily, into this country. Up to the present time, the only Sicilian wine much imported into England is Marsala. The Bronté wine has more resemblance to Madeira; but the chief interest attaching to it is that it is produced upon the estates which, with the title of Duke of Bronté, were granted to Lord Nelson in honour of the victory of the Nile, and which, being heritable in the female line, eventually passed to another great naval family—the Hoods—of whom Viscount Bridport is the present representative. It was appropriate, therefore, that Admirals the Prince of Leiningen and Prince Victor of Hohenlohe should have been present at the luncheon given last week by the Hon. A. N. Hood to inaugurate the introduction of so very naval a beverage as the Bronté wine.

THE DUC D'ORLEANS, now the hero of the hour in Paris, is a tall, fair young fellow, looking more like a foreigner than a Frenchman. He is rather a dandy, and when he appeared in the police-court he was most carefully got up in a frock-coat with silk lappels, a fur-lined over-coat, and a new glossy hat and black gloves, while he carried a bamboo cane with a silver knob at the top. The Republicans have been laughing at the "young Pretender" for his love of luxury. Elaborate repasts were sent daily from a restaurant to the Conciergerie, and served up on valuable old china which once belonged to his grandfather, King Louis Philippe; so the scoffers asked how the Prince would enjoy the thin soup, the stewed meat, and the coarse bread consumed by the French soldier? Or how could he bear the draughty barrack-room, with its numerous inmates crowding round the stoves, when he kept a fire night and day in his room, and then felt the cold so much as to sit wrapped up in his fur-coat? Accordingly, the young hero is now said to have adopted heroic simplicity in his habits.

THE INFLUENZA EPIDEMIC will have a marked influence on Lenten observance. The Pope has issued a decree empowering the Bishops in every country visited by the malady to dispense faithful Roman Catholics from Lenten fasting and abstinence, which might injure the health of those who have already suffered from influenza, or predispose others to contract the disease. Devout believers, however, must perform extra pious deeds to merit this indulgence. His Holiness feels specially for influenza victims just now, as his brother, Cardinal Pecci, has died of pneumonia supervening on an attack of the prevailing epidemic. The Cardinal was eighty-two years of age—three years older than the Pope—and the brothers were much attached to each other, Leo XIII. constantly consulting the Cardinal on any vexed theological question. Monsignori Jacobini and Stonor are dangerously ill from the same ailment, and the Romans are so alarmed at the high rate of influenza mortality that they have been flocking to the tomb of San Biagio in the Church of Divine Love, this Saint being the especial protector and healer of the throat. However, the epidemic is really better in Italy at last, and, indeed, is gradually disappearing throughout Europe, though fresh outbreaks often occur where the disease seems to have vanished completely. Such was the case at Berlin, where severe cold caused a return of high mortality. Across the Atlantic the epidemic still rages in Mexico, and in the capital so many deaths occurred last week that there were not enough hearses to carry the bodies to the grave.

LONDON MORTALITY continues to decrease. The deaths last week numbered 1,749, against 1,849 during the previous seven days, being a decrease of 100, and 226 below the average, and the death-rate being 20.6 per 1,000. The influenza epidemic is disappearing fast the fatal cases diminishing to 38 (a fall of 37); and altogether the deaths from diseases of the respiratory organs only reached 485 (a decrease of 45, and 100 below the average). The provinces are not so fortunate, for the influenza wave has greatly swelled the mortality at Manchester, Norwich, Portsmouth, Liverpool, Preston, and Bristol. At the last town the death-rate last week reached 34.8—2.4 higher than the extreme return in London during the worst of the epidemic. On the other hand, not a single case of small-pox was recorded in the twenty-eight leading English towns. To return to London, there were 91 deaths from whooping-cough (a rise of 24), 24 from diphtheria (equal to last week), 19 from scarlet fever (an increase of 5), 8 from measles (a decline of 3), 4 from diarrhoea and dysentery (a fall of 5), and 2 from enteric fever (a decrease of 7, and 12 below the average). Different forms of violence caused 58 fatalities. There were 2,709 births registered—an advance of 8, but 334 under the usual return.





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THE GRAPHIC

FEBRUARY 15, 1890

ST. VALENTINE'S DAY

PROBABLY no Saint's Day is celebrated so heartily, or with so little regard to religious creeds and prejudices, as February 14th, and yet of St. Valentine himself we know very little except that he was a Christian priest who, in the year 270, was, by order of the Emperor Claudius II., beaten with clubs and beheaded, his martyrdom taking place at Rome on the day which is now dedicated to his memory. He is said to have been previously placed in chains on account of the assistance which he had rendered to other Christians who were being persecuted and martyred; but during his incarceration he succeeded in converting to the Christian faith Asterius, the officer to whose charge he had been committed.

So long has St. Valentine's name been associated with love and lovers that not unfrequently he appears to be confounded in the popular mind with the mischievous little love-god Cupid, who throughout all ages has played such an important part in the affairs of man. We know nothing of the Saint, however, which would warrant us in assuming that any circumstance in his life gave rise to the customs which annually serve to keep his memory before us. In fact, it is only reasonable to suppose that the worthy man would not have felt very well pleased at our reversion to Paganism, for, after all, St. Valentine's Day, with its attendant ceremonies, is but a modification of an old Roman festival which the early Christian Church found easier to retain in an altered form than to abolish entirely.

In ancient Rome the festival in honour of the goddess Februata Juno was held on February 15th, and it was a custom on that occasion to place the names of maidens in a box, from which the young men drew them at random. After the establishment of Christianity, however, it was deemed advisable to adapt the ceremony to the requirements of the new religion, and accordingly in its Christianised form the names of saints were substituted for those of young women, and the drawing was held on St. Valentine's Day, instead of the 15th of the month. But it is difficult under any circumstances to effect a radical change in a time-honoured custom which has firmly established itself in the public favour. Thus it would seem that the efforts of the early Christian pastors in this direction were not permanently successful, and the new form of ceremony which they had devised appears to have fallen into disuse, for we find that in the seventeenth century St. Francis of Sales endeavoured to revive the use of saints' names in a St. Valentine's lottery.

At one time it was a custom in this country, on the 14th of February, for an equal number of young men and women to write their names on slips of paper, which were then drawn for in such a way that each person received the name of some one of the opposite sex who was to be his or her "Valentine" (or sweetheart) for the ensuing year. By this arrangement they all had two Valentines apiece; although the men, it is said, paid most attention to the sweethearts whom they had drawn. This practice is referred to in "Poor Robin's Almanac," where we are told that—

Now Andrew, Anthony, and William
For Valentines draw True, Kate, and Jilian.

In France a similar ceremony was formerly common at the beginning of Lent on "le Jour des Brandons"—a festival in which the boys carried about Cupid's torches. In Derbyshire, too, young women would write the names of young men on slips of paper, which were then shaken up in a man's shoe, and one drawn out by each of the damsels. Again the slips were placed in the shoe, and the drawing repeated twice more; and, if one of the maids drew the same slip of paper three times, it was supposed that she would shortly be married to some one of the same name as that written upon it.

Another Derbyshire custom was to peep out of the house through the keyhole of the door on St. Valentine's morn. If only one person or object could be seen, marriage was not to be looked for that year; if two, a sweetheart might be expected; but, should a cock and hen be seen, marriage before the end of the year was regarded as a certainty. A similar belief with regard to seeing one's sweetheart by peeping through the keyhole on St. Valentine's morn may also be met with in the Eastern Counties, and possibly in many other parts of the country.

Although most of the foregoing customs have now probably become more or less obsolete, it is still by no means uncommon for young unmarried people to regard as their "Valentines" for the ensuing year the first unmarried person of the opposite sex whom they may see on St. Valentine's Day. In fact, we sometimes even meet with a superstitious belief that the first bachelor to whom a maid speaks on that day will be her future husband. Shakespeare makes Ophelia sing :

Good morrow, 'tis St. Valentine's Day
All in the morning betime,
And I a maid at your window,
To be your Valentine.

Gay also, alluding to the St. Valentine's Day custom, writes :—

Thee first I spied, and the first swain we see
In spite of Fortune shall our true love be.

"It is recorded as a rural tradition," says Hone, "that on St. Valentine's Day each bird of the air chooses its mate;" and in Chaucer we read :—

Ye know well, how on St. Valentine's Day,
By my statute and through my governance,
Ye doe chese your makes (i.e., mates), and after fly away
With hem as I move you with pleasureance.

Somewhat akin to our St. Valentine's Day, with its attendant ceremonies, may be mentioned the festival of Merd-giram, which was formerly held by the Persians in the month of February, in honour of Isfendarmuz, the guardian-angel of women. During this festival the Persian ladies enjoyed considerable authority over their lords and masters, who were compelled to submit as far as possible to all their commands. Moreover, those maids who wished to take the initiative in matters of courtship were empowered to avail themselves of leap-year privileges, and propose to any eligible gentleman whom they might wish to marry. The latter, it is said, seldom refused, there being, it was supposed, an exceptional degree of happiness connected with all marriages arranged or solemnised during the festival.

Formerly, the practice of sending written Valentines was far more common than it is at the present day; for now we do not, as a rule, take the trouble to evolve poetical effusions for the occasion, but buy our poetry ready-made and printed. The latter course is certainly more convenient, and possibly more satisfactory, for we are not all born poets. In the seventeenth century a Mr. John Birchall appears to have cut his finger while making a pen to write his Valentine. Of this accident he accordingly availed himself in his verse, which ran as follows :—

These loving lines which I to you have sent
In secrecy, in my heart's blood are pent,
Ye knife I slit, as I the pen did make,
And freely bleeds, and will do for your sake.

Although manuscript Valentines of a sentimental or poetical character may now be less common than of yore, this day of anonymous communications has been taken advantage of for dispatching to one's enemies ugly and spiteful pictures and missives—a practice which may be looked upon, we believe, as a comparatively modern innovation, unsupported by the authority of

antiquity. It may be mentioned, however, that the Duke of Chevreuse having received as a Valentine the couplet

Monsieur le Duc de Chevreuse
L'air faux, l'œil pourri, la dent creuse,

killed the sender in a duel.

The custom of sending presents on St. Valentine's Day instead of ornamental missives is not, as some of our readers may suppose, a modern fashion. It is but a revival of an old custom, for February 14th has long been regarded as a suitable occasion on which to send presents anonymously or otherwise, and two centuries ago Valentines were frequently gifts of a useful or valuable character. Thus Pepys, in his Diary, tells us that his wife received as a Valentine from Sir W. Batten half a dozen pairs of gloves and a pair of silk stockings and garters. To give substantial presents as Valentines was some years ago a general practice in Norwich, and, for aught we know to the contrary, may still be carried on there to an equal extent. The presents were usually given, not on the 14th of the month, but on the eve of the Saint's Day, and a correspondent of *Notes and Queries*, writing in 1854, thus describes the custom :—

"As soon as it is dark packages may be seen carried about in a most mysterious way, and as soon as the coast is clear the parcel is laid on the doorstep, the bell clashed, and the bearer runs away. Inside the house all is on the *qui vive*, and the moment the bell is heard all the little folks (and the old ones too sometimes) rush to the door and seize the parcel, and scrutinise the direction most anxiously to see whether it is for papa or mamma, or for one of the youngsters. The parcels contain presents of all descriptions, from the most magnificent books or desks to little unhappy squeaking dolls; indeed, I have known a great library easy chair come in this way. As to the preparation for this festival, you may easily imagine all the innocent mystery it occasions, and what hiding up of work, &c., there is when any one comes in; and what secret shopping! for the shops are crowded for the week before. And when the presents have come, what guessing there is who could have sent them, for I ought to have stated that they are all sent anonymously, or at the most with some attempts at poetry with them; but all have the universal G.M.V., or 'Good Morrow, Valentine,' upon them."

From the foregoing remarks the reader will see that time has wrought some curious changes in the ceremonies connected with February 14th, for the practice of sending Valentines to one's acquaintances at the present day bears little resemblance to the original feast of the Roman goddess Februata-Juno, or to the ceremony which was substituted for it by the early Christians.

W. C. F.



THE difference between the House of Lords and the House of Commons, always noticeable, was strikingly illustrated on Tuesday, when both Houses met for the Fifth Session of the Twelfth Parliament of the Queen. In the House of Lords there were gathered some thirty or forty Peers, who listened to four formal speeches, agreed to the Address, and were on their way home before half-past six. The House of Commons was crowded from end to end, and from side to side. It did not touch the Address, which it is its first duty to debate, and adjourned shortly after midnight, because under the New Rules it could not sit any later.

Though the attendance in the Lords was small, it was large enough to give a hearty greeting to Lord Salisbury when he took his seat. Unlike Lord Hartington when he started for the sunny South, Lord Salisbury showed few traces of the illness he had gone through. When he rose to continue the little debate, he displayed all his gifts of conciseness, force, and vigour. Particularly the little party enjoyed his scarcely veiled thrust at Mr. Gladstone. Lord Granville had commented on the infrequency with which the Cabinet had met. Lord Salisbury admitted the soft impeachment, whilst urging that they had met just as often, and sat just as long, as was necessary for conducting public business. "It is all my fault," he said. Other Prime Ministers have possessed that wealth of language, that diffuseness, that abundance, that power of carrying every subject into the farthest possible detail, and adorning it with all the decorations of a fervid imagination and unlimited vocabulary. Of course, when a Prime Minister possesses these qualifications his adoring and listening Cabinet will enjoy the advantage of a succession of brilliant speeches. But necessarily the Cabinet must sit for a long time and meet very often. This was a touch of that mastery of jibes and flouts and sneers which no one enjoyed more keenly than Lord Granville.

Almost at the very moment when the Lords had finished their work, agreed to the Address, and cleared the way for business, Sir William Harcourt was rising in the House of Commons to move a resolution declaring the publication in the *Times* of April the 18th, 1887, of a letter falsely alleged to have been written by Mr. Parnell, to be a false and scandalous libel and a breach of the Privileges of Parliament. The Speaker had taken the chair again at four o'clock, after an interval following upon the formal business of the opening of the Session by Royal Commission. The first business was the swearing-in of members elected during the Recess. Of these there was quite a procession, four Liberals and two Conservatives. Among them was Mr. Chaplin, re-elected for Sleaford upon his promotion to office as Minister of Agriculture. He was heartily cheered from the Conservative side, and took his seat on the Treasury Bench as if he had been accustomed to it from his youth upward.

Half-a-dozen Ministers gave notice of as many Bills. Mr. Balfour led off with the Irish Land Purchase Bill; Sir M. H. Beach promised a new effort on behalf of the Tithes Bill; Mr. Matthews will revive the measure relating to the liability of employers for injuries to their workmen; Mr. Goschen will introduce a Bill to amend the law relating to Trustee Savings Banks, a promise hailed with approval in all parts of the House; Mr. Ritchie has a Bill providing for appeal from the Sanitary Authority failing to carry into effect the Allotment Act of 1887; Mr. Chaplin will battle with the Cattle Plague; Baron de Worms proposes to confer a Constitution on Western Australia. When "the noble Baron" appeared at the table, there was a quick movement of curiosity. Who could say that he was not about to recur to the Sugar Bounty Bill? When he showed that his thoughts were with far-off Western Australia, the easily-amused House went off into a burst of laughter, that must have puzzled the observant Stranger in the Gallery.

The debate which followed on Sir William Harcourt's motion was curiously devoid of anything approaching excitement. Only once when, towards midnight, Mr. Parnell rose, did the flush of battle stir the crowded house. It is to Sir William Harcourt's credit that the tone of his speech was largely responsible for this, in some quarters, disappointing result. The right hon. gentleman spoke from the profoundest depths of his conviction, and of his sense of the dignity and importance of the occasion. He refrained from that slashing style which the House has come to associate with his interposition in debate. He was grave in manner, moderate in tone, and to tell the truth, a trifle dull. The most dexterous and effective touch in his brief address was that in which he cited

pledges given by Mr. Pitt at the time of the Union, in which the great Minister promised that Irish members coming to Westminster should be treated precisely as English or Scotch members. Supposing, Sir William asked, that in view of a critical motion affecting Her Majesty's Government, there appeared in the *Times* a letter purporting to be written by Mr. W. H. Smith, which, if it were true, would have covered him with infamy; or if there had appeared a forged letter charging the Chancellor of the Exchequer with malversation of the National Funds; was there any man who could honestly say that the House of Commons would take no notice of such a charge? "If that be so," Sir William continued, with a comprehensive sweep of his right arm towards the Ministerial benches, "what measure are you going to deal out to the Irish members who sit among you?"

When Sir William resumed his seat, there were cries for Mr. Smith; but the Leader of the House, with his customary modesty, put forth a substitute. This was Sir John Gorst, who excelled himself in the ingenuity of his defence, demonstrating (1) that the invocation of the privileges of the House was too late, and (2), that it was too soon. On both (or either) of these grounds he moved an amendment declaring that the House declines to treat the letter purporting to have been written by Mr. Parnell as a breach of privilege.

This speech brought the House close up to the dinner hour, and there began the usual movement towards the door. Mr. Reid being put up to speak from the Opposition Benches, it seemed that there would follow a long interval, during which members to whom the House did not care to listen would speak against time. Under the old order of things that would certainly have followed. But it being settled that the debate should not extend over a single night, the influence of the New Rules was felt. Mr. Gladstone was in his place though others had left. When Mr. Reid sat down, he waited a moment, watching the Treasury Bench, hoping that a Minister would rise and continue debate. As no one moved, he himself stepped into the breach, knowing that he must either speak now or appropriate half an hour in the circumscribed space between the return from dinner and the suspension of the sitting at midnight. The interposition of the Leader of the House at this particular hour completed the prevailing sense of the unreality of the affair. It was, after all, a sham battle, to be got through as soon as possible and so home to bed.

Mr. Gladstone's example in sacrificing his speech to the dinner hour was followed by Mr. Balfour and Mr. Labouchere, each accustomed to choose more favourable openings. At the last moment, Mr. Parnell, speaking with the peculiar interest that attached to his personality, uplifted the debate in a speech listened to with attention by a crowded House. After this, members went off thankfully to the division, which brought the Government majority down to 48 in a full House of 472 members.

Thus it came to pass that the moving of the Address in reply to the Speech from the Throne was not accomplished till Wednesday, a day which made the proceedings all the more dreary. Members would not come down at twelve o'clock to hear one member in a military uniform, and another in a naval, indulge in safe platitudes around the Queen's Speech. Moreover, it had been arranged that the proceedings should be interrupted at half-past three in order that Bills might be introduced. On Thursday the debate began in earnest, was carried through to-day (Friday) and promises with certainty to last over next week.

SIR MICHAEL ROBERTS WESTROPP,

LATE Chief Justice of Bombay, who died at Cannes on the 14th ult., was the eldest son of the late Captain Henry Brown Westropp, Seventh Dragoon Guards. He was born in 1817, educated at Trinity College, Dublin (B.A. 1838), and in 1840 was called to the Irish Bar. For some years he acted as Official Reporter in the Courts of Common Pleas and Chancery, but in 1854 he went out to Bombay, where he quickly rose to distinction. Among other offices he was Remembrancer of Legal Affairs, Advocate-General (twice), and a member of the Legislative Council, for his services



in which offices he was publicly thanked. In 1863 he was appointed a Puisne Judge in the High Court of Judicature at Bombay. In 1871 he became Chief Justice, and was Knighted; and in 1882 he retired. In closing the Court at Bombay, on the 15th ult., out of respect to Sir Michael's memory, the present Chief Justice, Sir Charles Sargent, said:—"All of us who were engaged in the administration of justice in this High Court during the time he was here were proud of him, and it is with the deepest sorrow that we now hear of his sudden death." Sir Michael was twice married; first, in 1857, to Elizabeth (who died in 1861), eldest daughter of John Anderson, Esq., of Fermoy; and secondly, in 1865, to Eliza, eldest daughter of the late Lieutenant-Colonel Lionel Westropp, 5th Regiment.—Our portrait is from a photograph by Bourne and Shepherd, India.

A FRENCH EXHIBITION in London will replace the proposed Belgian Exhibition, deferred till next year. Many of the most interesting features of the late Paris Exhibition will be transferred to Earl's Court, where the display opens on May 3rd.

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FEBRUARY 15, 1890



THE "BOOK OF THE FARM."—The neat mahogany bookcase in the farmer's parlour twenty years ago was wont to contain, next to the "Family Bible," a quarto "Shakespeare," Stephen's "Book of the Farm," and two other volumes of quarto size, and with brighter cover than their reverend companions. These two volumes on examination would be found to be "Agriculture, Ancient and Modern" by the Old Norfolk Farmer. Their information with respect to horses, to the white crops, and to arable cultivation in East Anglia was, and still is, very valuable, but on cattle and sheep and on dairy farming they were less trustworthy guide. Agricultural implements were still of almost mediæval simplicity. Ten years ago, and these famous tomes might in the houses of the more go-ahead agriculturists have been seen to be replaced by the work of the late J. Chalmers Morton, whose valuable knowledge of machinery and general scientific acquirements made his writing specially adapted to the period when scientific research and mechanical invention combined were causing almost revolutionary changes in British agriculture. A new decade is with us in 1890, and Stephen's standard work for farmers undergoes a change. We have learnt much in the past ten years of agricultural misfortune. Necessity has proved herself once more "the mother of invention," and the farmer nowadays has to be ready to adapt himself to circumstances in a manner which would have dismayed the strict "rotationists" of twenty years ago. Information has increased, so that the new "Book of the Farm"

will be in six volumes. The fourth division of this long monumental work has just reached us, and deals with the farm in spring and in summer. Planting potatoes, horses foaling, poultry hatching, crop culture, root crops, insect pests, milking, butter-making, and cheese-making, are some of the subjects forming the text of articles by different writers of the highest status in the agricultural world, under the editorship of Mr. James Macdonald.

SPRING IN THE POULTRY YARD.—Thanks to the open character of the season, hens are laying well, even the "later" varieties are "chanting," a sound which always heralds the beginning of the laying season. It will pay farmers to give their fowls good food, and a good supply of it, all through February and March. Fowls cannot be reared, as many old-fashioned farmers seemed to imagine, on the refuse of farm products, neither can they thrive without various wants being seen to. Some farms are lacking in sandy, gravelly, or calcareous soil, and, in this case, if fowls are to be kept, sand and gravel must be found, otherwise the fowls will suffer from the imperfect trituration of food, and their eggs will be weak and thin in the shell, a defect leading to many breakages. Fowls should not only have a place of shelter expressly for them on every farm, but if the soil of the farm be heavy or loamy, their covered place should be well supplied with friable, pulverised dry earth, which they can scratch and burrow in and shake over their feathers. More than anything else does this keep them free from vermin. These little cares of the poultry yard repay the farmer handsomely, but they are cares, and must not be neglected.

THE STRAWSONISER as a machine is gaining steadily in favour. As now made for use on farms, this air-power distributor is a light machine on a pair of wheels, and drawn by one horse. The revolution of the road-wheels gives, by suitable gearing, a strong blast of air from a powerful blower. Over the blast of air is placed the hopper containing the material to be spread, either dry or liquid, which is gradually fed into the current. The quantity to be fed is regulated by a simple appliance which allows of anything between

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DAIRY FARMING.—Despite the formation of a Dairy Farmers' Association and the publication of many scientific articles, a very shrewd and competent critic has recently affirmed that we have still a vast deal to learn with respect to the feeding of dairy cattle—that is, of cattle with a view to their yield of first-quality milk. The most valuable milk-producing foods seem, unfortunately, to be those which are not grown on the farm—cotton seed from Egypt, rapeseed from India, linseed from the same country and from Southern Russia, for example. This tends to make dairy farming a matter of capital, as the farmer has to buy these foods from commercial sources, and has to pay for them long before he gets his return in milk, butter, and cheese, and in the ultimate selling value of stock. To obviate this, beans and peas are being more grown for winter feeding, lucerne and tares for summer feeding; bran, too, and maltsters' "offals" are in request. The question of the day for non-opulent dairy farmers is, not what diet will produce absolutely the largest quantity of milk or the very highest quality, but what diet will best approximate to these aims without requiring purchases off the farm.

TEMPERATURE in January was peculiar. We have pointed out that on certain days it was warmer at Oxford than Algiers, and equal registrations have been recorded at London and at Falmouth. February is evidently determined not to be behind its predecessor in eccentricities of this description. On the 6th, the thermometer in London fell from 41 deg. to 36 deg. At Biarritz, four hundred miles south, it fell to 32 deg.; at Nice even to 37 deg. But in the Shetland Islands it rose to 45 deg., so that Kirkwall and Thurso may yet acquire a reputation as "health resorts." In Italy the weather has been better than in England, and only 3 deg.

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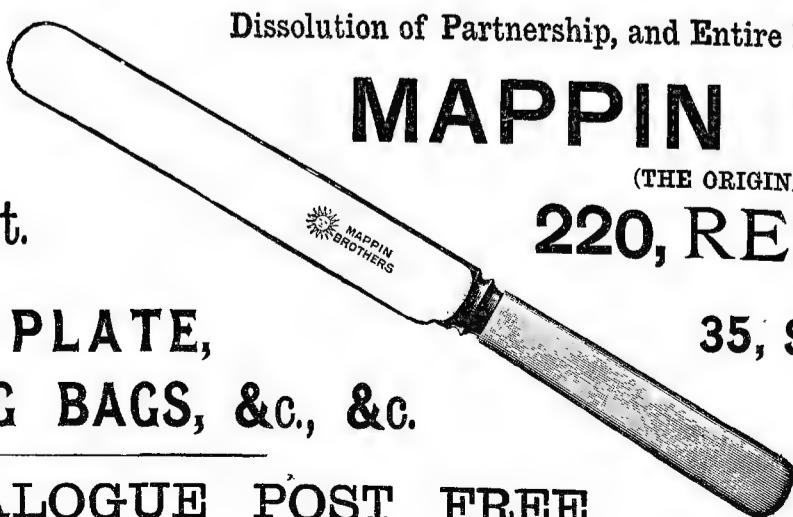
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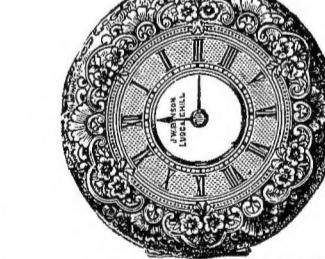
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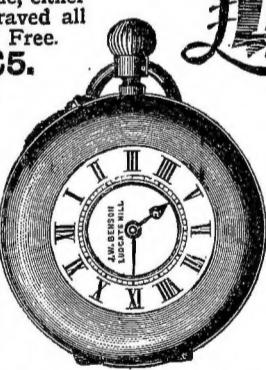
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THE GRAPHIC

warmer, while in Austria they have had frost. Russia has been experiencing mild weather, and eccentric weather too, the temperature being rather higher at St. Petersburg than at Odessa.

PREMATURE CROPS.—Reports come from some of the States of America that the wheat fields are as forward as they were last year early in May. Such an extraordinarily mild winter up to Christmas as the present one has not been known for the last twelve years. Curiously in contrast, our own wheat fields, whilst thick and strong, are not reckoned too forward.

IN MARK LANE, last Monday, after several days of drying north-east winds and some frost, the condition of English wheat samples was still very unsatisfactory. The English average price, 29s. 9d., is lower than that of any foreign description.

PASTIMES

THE TURF.—The acceptances for the Spring Handicaps were published last week. The Lincolnshire, as the first to be decided, naturally excites most attention. Of the fancied horses only two, Theophilus and Quartus, have gone out. Wiseman is at the head of affairs with 9 st. 4 lbs.; but, at the time of writing, Nunthorpe (7 st. 13 lbs.) was in most demand. Usna paid forfeit in the Grand National; and last year's winner, Frigate, now stands first with 12 st. 7 lb. Ilex was favourite at the time of writing. Veracity declined for the City and Suburban, and the weights have accordingly been raised 2 lb. all round, Amphion now standing first with 9 st. Pioneer (7 st. 10 lbs.), who has been reserved, as it is

supposed, for this event, has been well backed.—The racing at Leicester and Warwick last week calls for no particular comment. The February Handicap Hurdle Race produced a good struggle between Sherbrooke and Silver Sea, which the former eventually won by a head. At Warwick, Scope secured the Hurdle Handicap Plate for Baron C. de Tuyl.

FOOTBALL.—The Oxford University Association team have been very busy. Since we last wrote they have heavily defeated Sussex, Berks and Bucks, and the Swifts, and have experienced a narrow defeat from Birmingham St. George's. Cambridge have beaten Casuals. Wales, as usual, beat Ireland; the Corinthians defeated St. Bernard's, who replaced Preston North End at the Oval on Saturday; and in League matches Blackburn Rovers unexpectedly succumbed to Derby County, while Accrington and West Bromwich Albion played a draw. Of the eight clubs left in the Association Cup four are Lancashire and four Midland, and as all the Lancashire clubs have been drawn together, and similarly all the Midland, there is a strong probability that, as last year, a Lancashire and Midland Club will meet in the final.—Rugbywise we may note the victories of Oxford over United Hospitals, Old Leysians, and Hull; of Cambridge over Richmond; of Blackheath over Bradford; and of Surrey over Kent. Yorkshire only just managed to draw with Cheshire, as the latter scored a goal and a try to the Champion County's four tries.

BILLIARDS.—The long match between Roberts and Richards, in which the latter more than held his own for eight days out of the ten, was not over when we went to press. The amateur cueists are

on the warpath. Mr. A. P. Gaskell has received no less than four separate challenges from aspirants for the Amateur Championship. The All-in Championship of the World Tournament began on Monday at the Aquarium. Peall or Mitchell should win.

MISCELLANEOUS.—The Chess Contest at Havana between Messrs. Tschigorin and Gunsberg has reached an exciting point. The player who first secures ten victories will win, and after first one and then the other had led, the score at the time of writing was seven games all.—Ralph Pooley, of Longlands, a famous Cumberland wrestler in his day, died last week.—In a Hockey Match between North and South, played at the Queen's Club, West Kensington, the Southerners were easily successful.—A number of cricketers gave a farewell banquet to Lord Harris at Limmer's Hotel last week. Influenza prevented Dr. W. G. Grace from being present. Lord Harris spoke of the stimulating effect which the visit of Mr. Vernon's team (who, by the way, have beaten Lucknow since we last wrote) would have upon the game in India.—In a well-conducted glove-fight held at the Pelican Club last week "Toff" Wall defeated "Chesterfield" Goode. On the same evening Charles Mitchell performed the wonderful feat of "knocking out" poor old Jem Mace, who is only double his age. Mace really ought to know better at his time of life, and should be content to rest upon his laurels.—There is nothing in the way of news to be said about the Boat Race, except that the Oxford Crew, after staying for a time with Mr. W. H. Grenfell at Taplow Court, will take up their quarters at the Lyric Club, Barnes. Cambridge will, as usual, remain at Putney.

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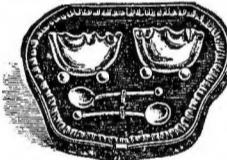
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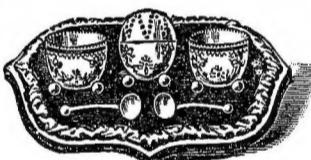
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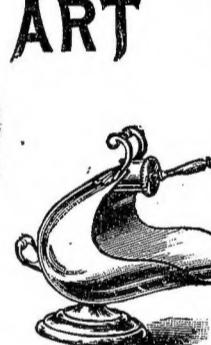
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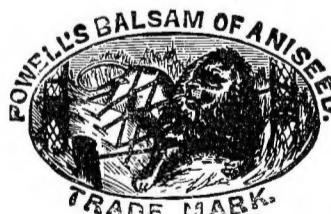
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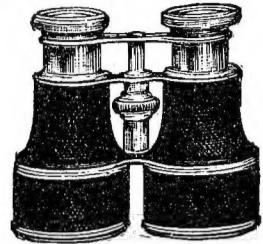
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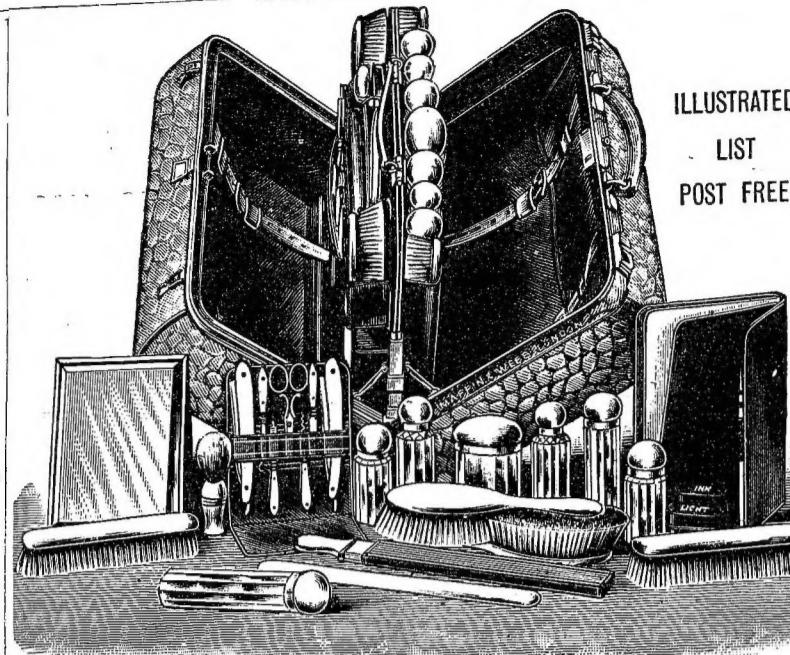
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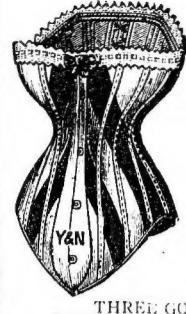
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